

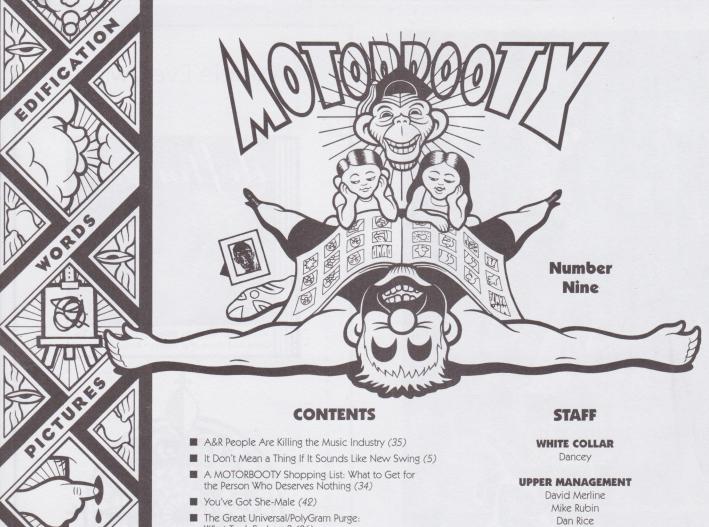
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COVER

Color by John Hill, who also colored "The Illustrated History of Pants"

BACK ISSUES

Limited quantities of MOTORBOOTY #6 (including Miles Davis, the Firesign Theatre, Blowfly, Bozo the Clown, and "The MOTORBOOTY Generation"), MOTORBOOTY #7 (with Last Poets, Von Lmo, Rainbowhead, "Music to Fuck To," and "Rock Lit") and MOTORBOOTY #8 (featuring Melvin Van Peebles, Nicodemus, The Real World: Kalamazoo, '40s fanzine Nuts To You, and the "Rock Death Index") are still available for \$4 cheap

Rob Michaels Barry Henssler

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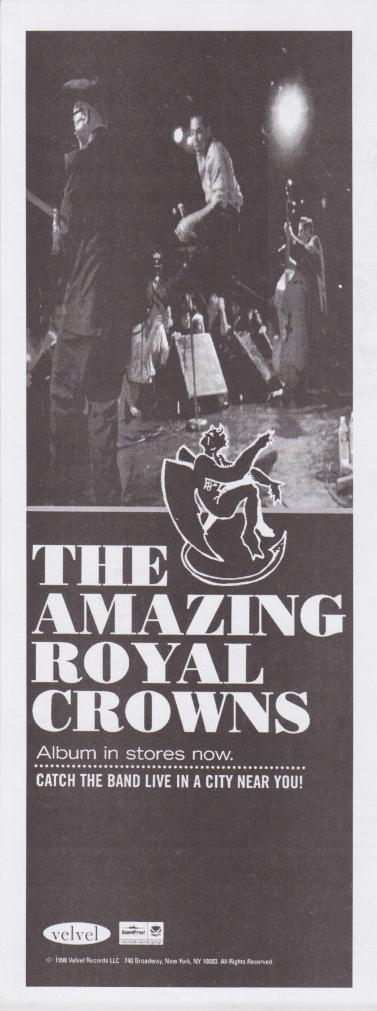
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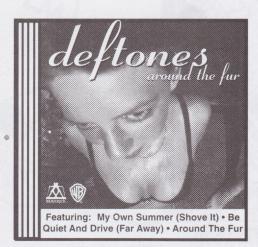
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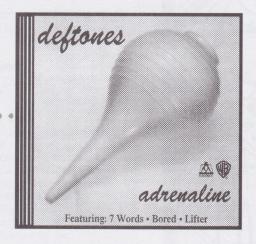
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LOOSE BOOTY

THE 100 WORST ALBUMS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

For those readers who missed our inventory of the century's most dubious musical achievements, here, as a public service to the modemless, is a hard copy of the MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst Albums of the Twentieth Century as it appeared on www.motorbooty.com.

- 1. Beach Boys: Pet Sounds
- 2. Pink Floyd: Dark Side of the Moon
- 3. Asia: Asia
- 4. The Who: Tommy
- 5. Boston: Boston
- 6. The Beatles: Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
- 7. The Doors: The Doors
- 8. The Clash: London Calling
- 9. Frank Zappa: Apostrophe
- 10. Pearl Jam: Ten
- 11. Bob Seger: Night Moves
- 12. Derek and the Dominoes: Layla & Other Assorted Love Songs
- 13. Hüsker Dü: Flip Your Wig
- 14. Lou Reed: Berlin
- 15. Patti Smith: Dream of Life
- 16. Journey: Escape
- 17. Bruce Springsteen: The River
- 18. Dead Kennedys: Plastic Surgery Disasters
- 19. Sonic Youth: Goo
- 20. Rush: 2112
- 21. Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers: Rock 'n' Roll with the Modern Lovers
- 22. Iggy Pop: Blah Blah Blah
- 23. Korn: Follow the Leader
- 24. Rollins Band: Weight
- 25. Bob Dylan: Time Out of Mind
- 26. Big Black: Songs About Fucking
- 27. U2: The Joshua Tree
- 28. Sebadoh: Bakesale
- 29. Styx: The Grand Illusion
- 30. Liz Phair: Exile in Guyville
- 31. Chicago: Chicago X
- 32. Violent Femmes: Violent Femmes
- 33. Talking Heads: Talking Heads: 77
- 34. Suicidal Tendencies: Suicidal Tendencies

- 35. The Who: Who's Next
- 36. Nirvana: In Utero
- 37. David Bowie: Let's Dance
- 38. R.E.M.: Green
- 39. Grateful Dead: American Beauty
- 40. Supertramp: Breakfast in America
- 41. Pussy Galore: Right Now
- 42. Genesis: Selling England By the Pound
- 43. Lionel Richie: Can't Slow Down
- 44. Rapeman: Two Nuns and a Pack Mule
- 45. Puffy and the Family: No Way Out
- 46. Soundgarden: Louder Than Love
- 47. Bongwater: Double Bummer
- 48. Combustible Edison: I, Swinger
- 49. Bad Religion: No Control
- 50. Midnight Oil: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1
- 51. Angry Samoans: Back From Samoa
- 52. Billy Joel: The Stranger
- 53. Flashdance (Original Soundtrack)
- 54. Kraftwerk: Electric Cafe
- 55. Dead Milkmen: Beelzebubba
- 56. Elvis Costello: Punch the Clock
- 57. Beat Happening: Beat Happening
- 58. Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons: Greatest Hits
- 59. Stone Temple Pilots: Core
- 60. Starship: Knee Deep in the Hoopla
- 61. Bikini Kill: The Singles
- 62. Jimmy Buffett: Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes
- 63. Wire: A Bell Is a Cup Until It Is Struck
- 64. Uriah Heep: Very 'eavy... Very 'umble
- 65. Jane's Addiction: Ritual de la Habitual
- 66. America: Holiday
- 67. Lydia Lunch: Hysterie
- 68. Moody Blues: Days of Future Passed
- 69. Pere Ubu: Cloudland
- 70. Todd Rundgren: A Wizard, A True Star

- 71. REO Speedwagon: You Can Tune a Piano But You Can't Tuna Fish
- 72. Nick Cave: The Good Son
- 73. Grand Funk Railroad: E Pluribus Funk
- 74. Southern Culture on the Skids: Dirt Track Date
- 75. Yes: Tales from Topographic Oceans
- 76. Mighty Mighty Bosstones: Question the Answers
- 77. Huey Lewis: Sports
- 78. Kansas: Point of Know Return
- 79. Jon Spencer Blues Explosion: Orange
- 80. Joe Walsh: The Smoker You Drink, the Player You Get
- 81. Living Colour: Vivid
- 82. Stone Roses: Stone Roses
- 83. Emerson, Lake and Palmer: Brain Salad Surgery
- 84. Marilyn Manson: Antichrist Superstar
- 85. Dwarves: Blood Guts & Pussy
- 86. Rolling Stones: Some Girls
- 87. Killdozer: For Ladies Only
- 88. Neil Young: Harvest
- 89. Carole King: Tapestry
- 90. fIREHOSE: if'n
- 91. Bob Marley: Exodus
- 92. Jesus Lizard: Head
- 93. Big Chief: Platinum Jive
- 94. Bone Thugs N' Harmony: Creepin' On Ah Come Up
- 95. Reverend Horton Heat: Smoke 'Em If You Got 'Em
- 96. Wang Chung: Mosaic
- 97. Gang of Four: Hard
- 98. Wings: Wings Over America
- 99. Captain Beefheart: Bluejeans and Moonbeams
- 100. (tie) Hole: Live Through This
- 100. (tie) G.G. Allin: Freaks, Faggots, Drunks & Junkies

For our purposes, only albums recorded in English were eligible for inclusion on the list, which is why Dee Dee Ramone's solo album was excluded.

For purposes of calculation, the variables which composed the formula were: sonic discomfort (s), derivativeness (d), popularity (p), ability (a), critical response (c), vapidity (v), bombast (b), mediocrity (m), and self-importance (i). The formula's margin of error was +/- 0%.

$$\begin{array}{l}
S_{c}^{lim} \rightarrow \infty \begin{bmatrix} \frac{\partial}{\partial t} \end{bmatrix} \sqrt{p^{2} - V(b)} - \frac{V(i+\partial)}{m^{2}} d \\
4c = \frac{P - \frac{1}{2} \frac{\partial \gamma \gamma \gamma}{(1-p-2\gamma\gamma\gamma\gamma)} \frac{\partial \gamma \gamma \gamma}{\partial t} \int_{-\infty}^{psv_{c}} p^{sv_{c}} \int_{-\infty}^{psv_{c}} p^{sv_{c}} (b-s)^{v_{c}} \\
X = (1-d^{-2}\gamma\gamma b) m(-ib) \frac{\partial \beta \gamma \gamma \gamma}{\partial t} \frac{\partial \beta \gamma \gamma \gamma}{\partial t} d^{-s} \\
m \psi(v_{1}\theta) \sim \sum_{-\infty} [-)^{v+1} \frac{2p+1}{2iv} d^{-s}
\end{array}$$

LIST CONTROVERSY RAGES ON

Ithough we anticipated some debate when we published our list of the MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst Albums of the Twentieth Century on our website last month, we were unprepared for the storm of furious responses that our selections generated. "An outrage!" read a missive from a former subscriber, while an irate music industry insider wrote to inform us that "It really sucked!" Sifting through the stacks

of profanity-laced letters and multiple megabytes of obscene e-mail that we received, it was obvious that our humble index had struck a nerve.

Perhaps we should have been warned of the possible consequences of our tally by the rancor it caused amongst our own editorial board as we winnowed the roster. Two editors even came to blows, and in the end one of our staffers completely severed his ties to MOTORBOOTY (and our lucrative health benefits package). The feeling of ill will ultimately caused an extra delay in the normally punctual publication schedule of this magazine.

Our original goal was simple:

to initiate a dialogue about the truly wretched albums that have plagued humanity for the last century. As a new millenium approaches, we figured it was high time to rank the rankest moments of contemporary musical history. Each member of our advisory committee compiled a list of their choices for the most atrocious releases of the past hundred years, rated on a variety of criteria which included the degree of sonic discomfort caused by listening to the record, the relative derivativeness of the artist's originality, the ratio by which the artist's popularity inversely relates to their lack of musical ability, the extent to which critical response exceeds the work's quality, and the cumulative vapidity of the artist's creative endeavors. The individual lists were then pooled and the numbers crunched using a formula created by statisticians at the Lawrence Institute of Technology to form what we feel is the definitive list of records to avoid.

Soon after our roll call of shame was posted, our online forum was inundated with

vehement protests over everything from our methods to our ancestry. Some readers quibbled with the content, while others went to the trouble of making their own alternative lists. As we go to press, we've learned that our list has even topped *List Magazine*'s "100 Worst Lists of the Century" list.

What follows is a typical day's selection of comments from the MOTORBOOTY mailbag:

Only in MotorBooty
Assholes, only in
Motor Booty
A typical reader response

What do you guys like?
—Barb Dwyer, Kitchener, ON

How typical! Your list focuses on major label artists and corporate-owned pseudo "indie" labels. Even in an assessment of the worst, true independent artists continue to be overlooked. Just because an artist doesn't have the financial means to get his record heard by millions of people doesn't mean it doesn't suck as bad as Styx. Fuck you, you sellout cynics.

— Huntington Woods III, Kenilworth, IL

Leave it to a bunch of overeducated white male upper-middle-class snobs to come up with a list this slanted and narrow. What about women? What about minorities? I suppose there's no room in your little patriarchal treefort for the likes of Ani DiFranco or Selena, is there? Why don't you grow up and realize that women have the same right to be on this list as men do?

-medeablitz@grrrl.net

I couldn't agree with medeablitz more! For the rest of you that feel the same, check out the list that students at Barnard College came up with—it's a lot more estrogenfriendly than MOTORBOOTY's small-minded circle jerk! Everybody from the Lilith Fair is on it!

—LauraNorder@earthlink.net

What's the point of having a list of the worst of the century if most

of these bozos are from the last 25 years? Maybe if you'd done your research then Rudy Vallee and Paul Whiteman would be on your list, instead of the few lousy bands you've heard of. For shame!

—Dan Numont, Carson, CA

Well done! I agreed with all your choices except the Mighty Mighty Bosstones' Question the Answers, which is truly a masterpiece and if you don't like it you're human garbage.

-porkpie@dotcom.com

I was so offended by your wildly inaccurate list that I posted my own list of the

100 worst albums of the century, which consists of everything Frank Zappa ever did. You can check it out at my webpage at http://www.zappa/harenet.net.

—jeremy@harenet.net

Idiots! Have you never heard of folk or country or bluegrass or jazz or fusion or disco or swing or ska? How can you even pretend to publish a list of the worst albums without representing any other deserving genres of music? Maybe you should have called it "The MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst Albums for Boring Dolts Who Only Listen to Rock List." I hate you.

-che@harvard.edu

Replacements, Replacements, Replacements! Where are the goddamn Replacements and Soul Asylum and Jayhawks and every other shitty band that came from Minneapolis? Hüsker Dü was just the tip of the iceberg.

-Henry Michaels, Chicago, IL

LOOSE BOOTY

As an African-American, I couldn't help but notice that there were only five artists of color on your "list," and that the genres of rap, R&B, and disco were woefully underrepresented. Do you mean to imply that the negative achievements of African-Americans are somehow less deserving of your derision than those of their white counterparts? Your token inclusion of these performers only serves to highlight your ignorance of the contributions that African-Americans have made to our culture.

-Kareem Brulé, Cambridge, MA

Why isn't there any fucking Garth Brooks on here? I fucking hate fucking country.

-Beau_Rhing@cnn.com

While I agree that the music on your list is not fit for human consumption, I find fault with its emphasis on records that are of less than recent vintage. How could you ignore the staggering number of horrible albums that have come out in the last year alone?

—guy@elektrarecords.com

Hey jerks—didn't you realize that Metallica's Garage Days Revisited isn't even an album, it's an E-fucking-P? I should have expected as much from anyone stupid enough to live in Detroit.

-beezer@compuserve.net

You guys are all wet. #26 was a way shittier record than #2. Get a clue.

-crose@pbs.org

Pearl Jam's Ten? That record changed my life, assholes. You motherfuckers should have put Vs. on your list instead—it's a pile of shit.
—hevvyveda@igc.org

I think you guys made a mistake and accidentally put "Worst" in the title of your list. All of these records kick ass.

-Franz Lyst, Rheinlander, WI

Fuck you! I'm gonna buy two dozen copies of Goo in protest of your shitty fuckin' list, just to spite you.

—hobiwan@rust.net

What's wrong with you people? Exile in Guyville is way worse than The Grand Illusion. Play the two of them back to back one more time and I'm sure you'll agree.

-nubby2@wwnet.com

I suppose that the fact that your magazine sucks shit makes you the ultimate authority on what sucks.

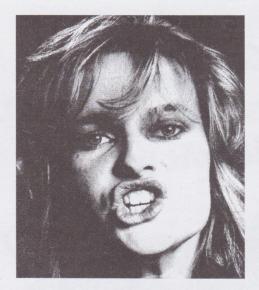
—tdylan@fezine.com

Your list stinks. If I was a big tough guy who lived in your town instead of a short fat jerk at a computer halfway across the country, I'd kick your ass.

-eliahu@yahoo.com

Just who was on the board that selected these albums? A bunch of cowardly, aging, boring, go-nowhere nihilists, if you ask me. I guess it's easier for you to sit back and say everything's bad than to take a chance and like something, isn't it? Why don't you have some guts for a change and endorse a record like the Silver Jews or Shellac?

-dkonjest@prodigy.net



Readers: pissed

It figures that you dinosaurs would only include old rock records in your lame little list and totally ignore anything electronic, which is going to be the preeminent bad music of the future. IMHO your time is OVER, Mr. Tightpants, so step aside. :(

—gizmo@msn.com

Where's the jazz? How could you do a list of crummy albums and leave off sonic high colonics like Kenny G and Spyro Gyra?

—arwulf@ameritech.net

Why isn't there any George Carlin on this list? Class Clown is one of my favorite records of all time!

-Rick O'Shea, Natick, MA

The Mount Rushmore of mediocrity is almost totally unrepresented: Eric Clapton, Dire Straits, Stevie Winwood, and Sting. What gives? These guys are way shittier than Grand Funk or Uriah Heep.

-baboond@hotmail.com

I'm a clerk at a Cocoanuts at the mall, and we've sold like 24 copies of *Goo* since you published your stupid list. Now we can't keep it in stock. Thanks.

-baise@cocoanuts.com

On the alt.lists.rock newsgroup today there was a discussion of your list, and someone posted that some record companies are putting stickers on albums that say "As Not Featured on the MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst List." Just thought you'd like to know.

-apington@aol.com

Dear Sirs,

I accidentally stumbled upon your site the other day while doing an Internet search for "motorboats" and it was with great astonishment that I read your "100 Worst Albums" list.

At first I was taken aback by the sheer audacity of the concept. I mean, how can anyone claim to be the ultimate authority on whether something of an aesthetic (and therefore highly subjective) nature is good or bad? This, combined with the fact that I actually owned more than half the records on your list, put me in a skeptical, if not hostile, state of mind.

However, after going over your list with a colleague of mine in the transformative hermeneutics department, we decided to analyze your equation, but no matter how hard we tried we could find no fault with it whatsoever. This came as quite a shock to me and I immediately went back to my record collection and began to reevaluate.

Halfway through "A Day in the Life" it all became astonishingly clear. You were right! This music sucks! What was I thinking? How could I have been so wrong? I thought of my entire adolescence and how I had so frivolously wasted it on bad music and cheap domestic beer! I thought of how my allegiance to these records shaped my social circle and how their hackneyed, cliched lyrics actually influenced the choices I made in my life.

What a fool I've been! First it was that Bread album, then it was college, then grad school, then my marriage (what a sham!), my children (if only I'd listened to them more)....All of it wrong, so very wrong. And now it's simply too late. There's no way for me to recapture my lost youth, no way to undo all the hurt I've caused. You folks have helped me to see that my whole life has been a lie, and now it's time for me to put an end to all this foolishness.

Goodbye, cruel world (yes, I was an Elvis Costello fan too),

—Jay Walker, PhD, Palo Alto, CA

PUNK: UNDEAD

HARDCORE REENACTORS EMBRACE THE PAST IMPERFECT

uckin' A," moans a battered, middleaged punk rocker who's splayed out on
the sidewalk outside Prentis Hall at
Detroit's Wayne State University, "Why
do I have to keep playing Itchy?" While a threechord hardcore band thrashes away inside, the
spiky-haired fan wipes his bloody nose on the
sleeve of a tattered oxford shirt with "Cash For
Chaos" spraypainted on the back, glares at the
bouncer who's just tossed him from the venue,
and mutters to no one in particular, "He's
always too fucked up to see straight by the time
Negative Approach comes on."

Greg McCormick isn't your ordinary loser ejected from a punk club, however. In fact, he's not drunk, he's not actually "Itchy," and the show he's been kicked out of isn't even a real concert. No, McCormick, along with the bouncer, the band, and everyone else inside the auditorium, are attempting to restage, as meticulously and accurately as possible, a hardcore punk gig that originally took place in early 1982.

Called, appropriately enough, "hardcore reenactments," these events represent a strange new phenomena that's sweeping across the country. Part costume ball, part Beatlemania!, part punk passion-play, these elaborate rituals are taking counterculture nostalgia to its logical conclusion. By recreating concerts, notable incidents, and even entire tours from the hardcore era, hardcore reenactors—much like their spiritual compatriots in the Civil War reenactment movement-try to make themselves feel as if they're actually living in the past. "You know," says Keller Ayteal, a devoted participant in the Detroitarea scene, "they just don't make unintelligible high-velocity thrash like they used to."

In a quest for authenticity, reenactors seek out period instruments and clothing, study old fanzines, flyers, and set lists, and interview surviving scenesters. Indeed, for many of the participants, reenacting has become a lifestyle unto itself. The most hardcore of the hardcore reenactors even try to remain in character at all times, copying the bizarre haircuts, mannerisms, and odors of the scenesters they're portraying—some to the point of losing their jobs and moving back home to live with their parents.

In their zealous pursuit of the intense sensation that devotees call "period rush," hardcore hardcore-reenactors take a dim view of less-dedicated participants, whom they label "aips" (for "anachronistically inaccurate poseurs"). "I spent three weeks getting ready for the 10/22/82 Misfits/Necros/Void/GI show," attests a young man calling himself "Springa." "I listened to the *Process of Elimination T*" nonstop, read nothing but *Smegma Journal* and *The Partyin' Press*, and soaked my clothes in cat urine. Then when I show up the aip playing Jerry Only is wearing a beeper and a Samhain t-shirt!"



Such transgressions are not taken lightly by the faithful. Unlike Civil War reenactors, who stop short of the atrocity of actual killing, hard-core reenactors fully recreate their fabled events slam for slam. Goatees, piercings, and modern slang are forbidden, and each event is policed by scene historians, who ensure that all attendees wear the proper band t-shirts and other eraappropriate accessories.

At a recent Detroit "gig," for example, items confiscated from the crowd included compact discs, a pair of Nike Air Jordans, a Green Day sticker, and snack foods like Sun Chips and Fruitopia; meanwhile, the reenactor impersonating Meatmen frontman Tesco Vee was deemed "too short," the fellow portraying Necros' guitarist Andy Wendler was "too punk," and the guy playing L-Seven singer Larissa Stolarchuk was "too feminine." Penalties for such infractions can be severe, ranging from simple ejection to a "role

demotion" requiring the guilty party to portray a poseur wearing a dog collar and Izod shirt. Repeat offenders risk complete expulsion from the scene, a practice known as being "banned in D.C." even when the city involved is actually Milwaukee or Toledo.

Despite such harsh restrictions, the number of reenactors is growing rapidly; in fact, the reenactment scene is already larger than the original hardcore subculture that inspired it. Detroit's legendary Freezer Theater, for example, only held 200 attendees; in contrast, a recent reenactment of the Misfits/Necros/ Negative Approach/Meatmen 4/8/82 show drew over 5000 people. Not surprisingly, the popularity of the reenactment scene has begun to alienate some of the pioneers who first strapped on guitars and began imitating their idols note-for-note. "I've been into this shit since Day One," sneers Detroit scene stalwart Pat Pend. "Where were all these bandwagon jumpers three years ago when we were doing Flipper live at the Second Chance 3/15/81 in Doug Abuse's basement?"

Indeed, dozens of different cities now have their own distinct scenes, connected by newsletters, conferences, and the Internet. According to Maura Bund, publisher of a reenactment zine called *Salad Days*, more than a dozen groups vie to best portray Black Flag, but none of them have nailed it quite right. "Ken Moore's Henry Rollins sings too well, while Steven Edie's Rollins is really just a copy of Phil Anselmo's Rollins."

Perhaps the most ambitious event in the reenactment repertoire is Fear's 10/31/81 appearance on *Saturday Night Live*, including the chaotic slam-dancing and subsequent "riot." "It's the Gettysburg of the reenactment world," explains Skip Schuul, who choreographed a recent staging. "Besides the people playing the band and all the stage divers, you need to have cameramen, stage crew, and a studio audience, to say nothing of stand-ins for the *SNL* cast. You wouldn't believe some of the people who try to pass themselves off as John Belushi."

Although tonight's Prentis Hall production is a far less extravagant affair, the participants are no less passionate. From teenage wannabes to aging weekend warriors like the aforementioned McCormick, the reenactors have left behind the present for a purer, "punker" past. "My old man says I'm behind the times, but I don't care," asserts McCormick. "I guess I'm just out of step with the world."



The lightbulb tattoo atop Joe Skyward's head must be glowing brightly right about now. Skyward, formerly the bassist for Sky Cries Mary and the Posies, is the mastermind behind the record Skyward, a labor of love heralding the existence of Skyward, the col-

lective. The CD is full of interest from the outset, from the unusual and appealing music to the people involved in its creation. Not only does it feature dozens of musicians from acclaimed bands (such as the Geraldine Fibbers, 7 Year Bitch, the Billy Tipton Memorial Saxophone Quartet), but it's also heavy on the family tip. His son Jaxin reads his homework lines like a champ on one song, and his 14-year-old daughter, Brette Howard, contributes her tender vocals to much of the rest. What's particularly interesting (in a good way) about Howard's voice is that even when she's singing adult lyrics ("It always seems you gave me gratified replies" leaps to mind), she sounds like a 14-year-old. A talented teen to be sure, but not one who's seen everything already. While Skyward masterfully plays guitar, bass, organ, and other instruments, and handles much of the songwriting, he's also assembled a top-notch supporting crew. The results are eclectic—altpop, funk, prog rock, acid jazz, country, and then some, sometimes all in the same song. "Such a Small Room," starts out languid, speeds up momentarily, then slows down again, with Joe and Brette trading off vocal duties. Brette's high, soft voice is the perfect complement to Joe's effects-enhanced mellowness. Brette really proves her mettle on "Sundial," which starts out almost as a dirge, with a languorous cello setting the mood, but the heaviness is tempered by Brette's sunny voice. Like a young Kate Bush, she really experiments with her singing on this one, at times taking nary a breath, to amazing effect. Then there are the guest singers. "Position Fatal," featuring Aimee Page on vocals, is a showstopper—melodic, weary, and haunting. Roderick Romero of Sky Cries Mary lends his words and voice to the Eastern-flavored "Pay to Pray." His ghostly vocals work well with the exotic instruments involved, and the words in typical Roderick fashion, take a while to sink in, but beware when they do. The spokenword piece by Helen Stout elicits a confounded "Whew!"; this strangely hypnotic number is definitely not a typical rock offering. Then again, that could be said of the whole disc. The breezy, tripped-out extended jam of the final song, "Taxi de L'espace," finishes, and suddenly it's over...and it'd be a shame to let it end like this. Though originally conceived as a "one time only" deal, here's hoping there's more Skyward to come.

-Kathy Mar





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Bohemian-Americans



Long overdue, here is the first thorough examination of one of society's most influential but least understood ethnic groups, the Bohemian-Americans. Noted scholars Vito Brevis and Artis

Long have written an epic work that reveals how a small group of free-thinking, free-loving immigrants escaped the poverty-stricken cafés and opium dens of Europe for a new life in the gentrifying neighborhoods of America's glamorous cities. Courageously throwing off the yoke of conventional responsibilities, they chose to keep their hands unsoiled by labor, boldly exploring forbidden neighborhoods and colonizing the urban frontier. These brave

souls struggled mightily against critics and landlords as they fought to preserve their strange customs and build their own little world.

The Bohemian-Americans is a social history of remarkable scope that will transport readers from the tenements of New York's Lower East Side all the way to the tenements of New York's Lower East Side. This massive volume



knits together the stories of thousands of individuals, taking you to their cramped coffeehouses and spacious lofts, their open poetry readings and exclusive gallery openings, their teeming thrift stores and overpriced boutiques. A riveting chronicle of how the peculiar practices and outlandish get-ups of a tenacious minority irrevocably changed this country and the way we market ourselves, *The Bohemian-Americans* is the saga of a people who ultimately overcame prejudice, indifference, and poor hygiene to become the most powerful icons in American popular culture.

This is their story.





Bohemian-Americans Their Journey to America and the Subculture They Made Here Vito Brevis and Artis Long

ADVANCE PRAISE FOR THE BOHEMIAN-AMERICANS

"Impressive scholarship...Offers a different perspective on people who don't work for a living."

—Boston Globe

"A real eye-opener...We always thought the Bohemians were good for nothing, but Brevis and Long's research proves otherwise."

—Chicago Tribune

"If only the people portrayed in these pages had done one-tenth the work the authors did in writing this copiously researched book, they might actually have accomplished something."

-Wall Street Journal



CHARLIE AND IRA LOUVIN WERE ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR DUOS IN COUNTRY MUSIC HISTORY. THEIR INTRICATE HARMONIZING — WHICH HAD IRA'S HIGH-PITCHED, ALMOST EFFEMINATE FALSETTO AND CHARLIE'S SYRUPY TENOR TRADING BACK AND FORTH ON LEAD — ALONG WITH IRA'S LIGHTNING-FAST MANDOLIN SOLOS AND A STRING OF HITS THAT INCLUDED "YOU'RE RUNNING WILD" AND "CASH ON THE BARRELHEAD," MADE THEM THE TOAST OF THE GRAND OLE OPRY IN THE 1950S.



RAISED IN A DEVOUTLY RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY AND INTRODUCED TO MUSIC THROUGH THE "SACRED HARP" TRADITION, THE LOUVINS WERE PRIMARILY A GOSPEL ACT.

THAT WORD 'BROAD-MINDED' IS SPELLED 'S-I-N'



HOWEVER, THE LOUVIN BROTHERS' CAREER WAS ANYTHING BUT RIGHTEOUS, THANKS TO THE WILDLY UNSTABLE PERSONALITY OF IRA LOUVIN.



BORN IRA LONNIE (1924) AND CHARLES ELZER (1927) LOUDERMILK IN HENAGAR, ALABAMA, THE BROTHERS' ONLY FORMAL MUSICAL TRAINING CAME WHEN THEIR FATHER, COLONEL (HIS NAME, NOT HIS RANK) LOUDERMILK GAVE THEM \$12 FOR SINGING SCHOOL.

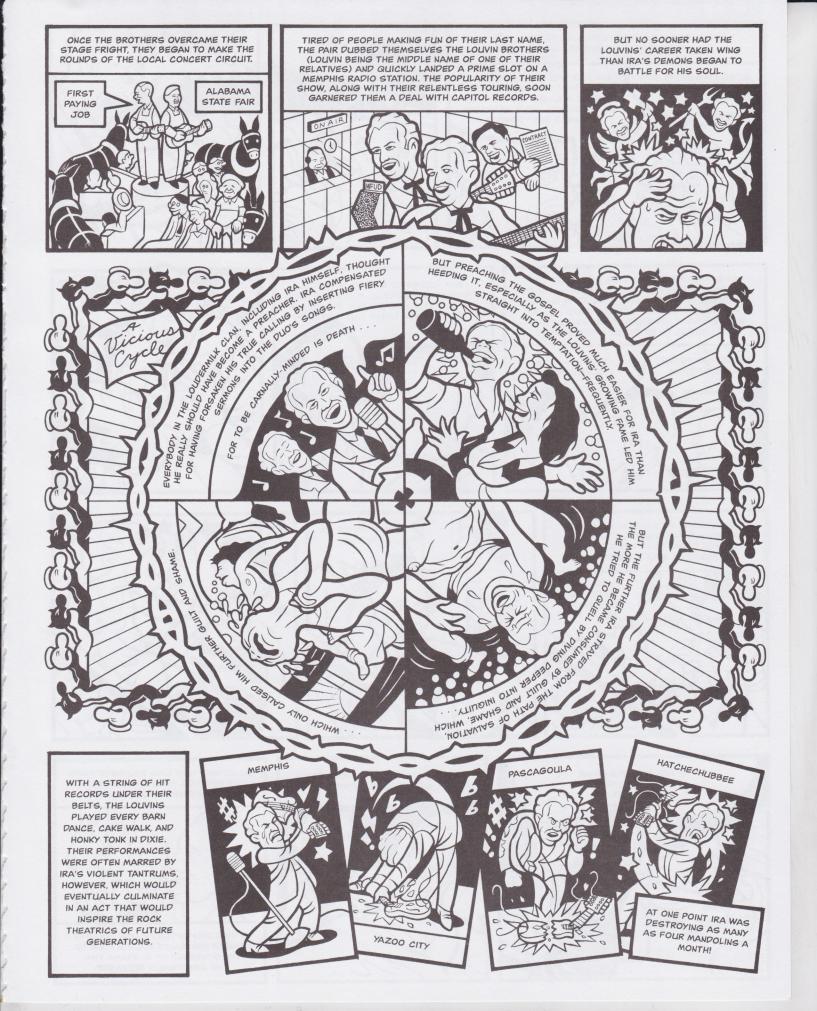


UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE BOYS, MR. LOUDERMILK SOON DISCOVERED THEIR TRUANCY AND DECIDED TO TEACH THEM A LESSON OF HIS OWN.



NEVERTHELESS, HE ENCOURAGED HIS SONS TO PERFORM FOR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS, DESPITE THE BOYS' DEBILITATING BASHFULNESS.











IRA'S IRASCIBILITY MAY EVEN HAVE COST THE LOUVINS THEIR BEST CHANCE AT FAME. WHILE ON TOUR WITH A YOUNG ELVIS PRESLEY, WHO WAS AMONG THE LOUVINS' BIGGEST FANS, A JAM SESSION WENT SERIOUSLY AWRY AND CAUSED THE LOUVINS TO BE KICKED OFF THE TOUR.







BEFORE LONG, IRA'S UNCONTROLLABLE DRINKING, WOMANIZING, AND VIOLENT TEMPER BEGAN TO JEOPARPIZE HIS PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS.











NO SOONER WAS FAYE RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL THAN CHARLIE DID AS HIS BROTHER HAD REQUESTED.



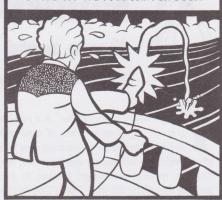
IT WAS ONLY AFTER FELLOW COUNTRY SINGER ROY ACUFF MADE A PLEA TO THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA THAT SHE WAS FINALLY RELEASED. BY THE LATE 'SOS, COUNTRY ACTS BEGAN TO TAKE A BACKSEAT TO ROCK GROUPS LIKE THE EVERLY BROTHERS, WHO BASICALLY COPIED THE LOUVINS' STYLE TO THE LETTER.



AS SALES OF LOUVIN BROTHERS LP& BEGAN TO SLOW, CAPITOL RECORPS EXEC KEN NELSON, APPARENTLY IGNORANT OF THE GROWING POPULARITY OF ROCK, GAVE THE LOUVINS HIS THEORY ON WHY THEIR CAREER WAS BEGINNING TO SAG.



TAKING THIS ADVICE TO HEART, IRA SWORE OFF THE MANDOLIN FOR GOOD.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO SALVAGE THEIR FLAGGING CAREER, IRA TOOK A STAB AT WRITING A ROCK NUMBER. THE RESULTING SONG, "THE STAGGER," FAILED TO CATCH ON WITH THE KIDS, DESPITE THE INSPIRED DANCE WHICH IRA DEVISED TO HELP PROMOTE THE TUNE.



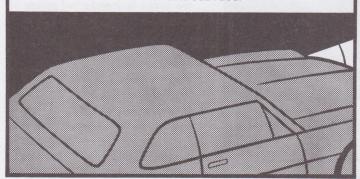
IN THE ENGLING YEARS, IRA FREQUENTLY THREATENED TO QUIT, BUT NEVER ACTUALLY FOLLOWED THROUGH ON HIS DECLARATIONS. BY AUGUST 1963, THOUGH, CHARLIE DECIDED HE'D FINALLY HAD ENOUGH.



A WEEK LATER, HOWEVER, IRA CALLED UP CHARLIE AS IF THE CONVERSATION HAD NEVER HAPPENED, ONLY TO FIND THAT CHARLIE HAD ALREADY EMBARKED ON HIS SOLO CAREER, WHICH CONTINUES TO THIS DAY.



FIGURING IT WAS TIME TO SETTLE DOWN, IRA REMARRIED, SOLD HIS NUDIE SUITS, AND TOOK A JOB IN AN INSTRUMENT REPAIR SHOP. BEFORE LONG HE GREW RESTLESS, AND INEVITABLY RETURNED TO THE MUSIC BUSINESS.



IN 1964 HE RELEASED HIS FIRST AND ONLY SOLO ALBUM—THE UNFORGETTABLE IRA LOUVIN—AND ONCE AGAIN HIT THE ROAD.



BUT ON JUNE 20, 1965, IRA WAS KILLED IN A CAR WRECK ON HIS WAY HOME FROM A CONCERT IN KANSAS CITY. IRONICALLY, THIS TIME IT WAS THE OTHER DRIVER WHO WAS DRUNK.







MOTORBOOTY MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION®

If you could have one wish, what would it be?

P.O. BOX 02007 Detroit, MI 48202

he Make-A-Wish Foundation® is a non-profit organization dedicated to granting the special wishes of children who have terminal illnesses. While the foundation's intentions may be noble, the wishes it grants are often predictably wholesome and mundane, ranging from trips to the Magic Kingdom to visits with Magic Johnson. In the end, the foundation simply provides free PR for the Walt Disney Corporation and easy community service credit for wayward professional athletes.

We here at MOTORBOOTY realize that most people's unfulfilled dreams are usually a bit more complex and challenging than a free ride on Space Mountain. In fact, quite often a person's answer to the question "If you could

have one wish, what would it be?" may involve activities that are dangerous, degenerate, or downright illegal. We created the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® to help grant those wishes that may be too "difficult," "edgy," or "creative" for our more mainstream sister charity.

In just three short years, the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® has already realized the dreams of many deserving youngsters. Lucky recipients of the foundation's philanthropic largesse have been able to fulfill fantasies ranging from starting a forest fire to deporting a British citizen. While we don't perform our good works expecting public acclaim, we'd like to share a few of our favorite stories with you....

Little Carrie O'Kee was sure that her advanced condition would deprive her of one of her greatest pleasures: watching her favorite sitcom Seinfeld. When the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® heard of this, we knew the only way to ensure that Carrie would never miss an episode was to have the show taken off the air before Carrie was taken off the Earth. Needless to say, when the MOTOR-BOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® asked Jerry Seinfeld if he thought \$5 million per episode was worth more than the happiness of a sick child, he made the only logical decision and agreed to pull the plug on the show before doctors pulled the plug on Carrie.

We all know that life can be brutally unfair, but once in a while an opportunity arises that allows us to provide a silver lining for even the darkest cloud. When little Perry Stalsis of Florida wrote to ask why he would be spending his sixth birthday in excruciating pain in a hospital bed while there were convicted murderers spending their sixth year of relative comfort on death row, we immediately saw a chance to balance the ledger. Imagine Perry's delight when we told him that the Florida Department of Corrections had agreed to let him throw the switch on a death row inmate who had just exhausted his last appeal! Even the condemned man was moved by the joy on little Perry's face when the tyke received a last minute call from the governor-not to pardon the prisoner, but to encourage Perry to "strike one for the good guys!"



In the past, our wish kids have...

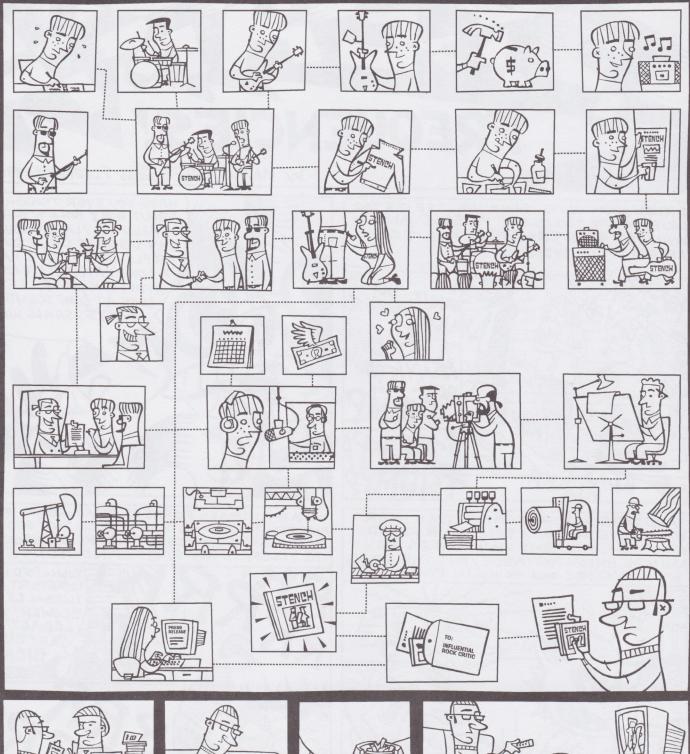
Closed an auto plant
Robbed a bank
Bombed an abortion clinic
Evicted a family on Christmas Eve
Shot up with Scott Weiland
Impregnated a teacher
Clubbed a baby seal
Stalked and harassed a talk-show host
Fixed a college basketball game
Shot guns at school

In the name of fairness, the MOTOR-BOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® sometimes grants wishes to children whose ailments are less grave. Take, for example, Lance Boyle, whose severe cystic acne was so horribly disfiguring that he knew he would never enjoy the simple pleasure of a woman's company. Once we found out that his dream girl was supermodel Tyra Banks, the solution to Lance's problem was obvious. We immediately flew him to New York and got him a front row seat at the Victoria's Secret lingerie show, where he was allowed to watch the entire hour-and-a-half parade of beautiful women with his pants around his ankles, enthusiastically displaying his affection for his favorite model.

These are just some of the happy endings that we've helped to write over the years at the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® But bringing dreams like these to life costs moneylots of money—and we can't do it alone. In order to stay in the business of making dreams come true, we need your help. With your tax-deductible contribution, the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® can keep giving the gifts that keep on giving. Why not bring pleasure into the life of someone not as blessed as you, or at least who isn't as inhibited in expressing their deepest desires? Whoever said "you can't always get what you want" just wasn't calling the right people. Your generosity will allow the MOTOR-BOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® to continue providing joy for less-fortunate souls all over the world.

RECORD REVIEW





TOO MUCH LOUD MUSIC WRECKS YOUR HEARING, RIGHT? RIGHT?!? WELL, SOME MUSICIANS PON'T PAY IT NO NEVER MIND. THE FOOLS! THERE ARE OTHER CONSEQUENCES, OTHER QUIRKS AND RIGHT THIS VERY MOMENT, WITHOUT REALIZING IT, WE ARE ALL BEING EXPOSED TO...

FREQUENCIES!

by MARY CRACKPOT THEORIES" FLEENER @ 1998

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ... "IF IT'S TOO LOUD, YOU'RE TOO OLD!" PLEASE. ALL I'M SAYIN' IS: NOISE IS WEIRD, AND IT CAN AFFECT US IN BIZARRE WAYS.



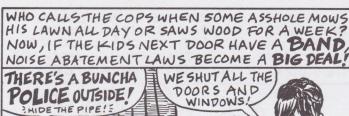
HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
ABOUT WHY ROCK IN ROLL
IS ALWAYS PLAYED LOUD?
WHY DOES IT DRIVE SOME
PEOPLE CRAZY? I'VE HAD
A LOVE/HATE RELATIONSHIP
WITH IT, MYSELF... LET'S
LOOK AT SOME SCIENTIFIC
FACTS, SHALL WE?

TAKE **DOGS**, FOR EXAMPLE. THEY HEAR WAY ABOVE AND FAR BELOW OUR SOUND SPECTRUM. A SIREN'S WAIL MAKES ANY ANIMAL UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT THE DOGWILL VOCALIZE and HOWL IN PAIN.



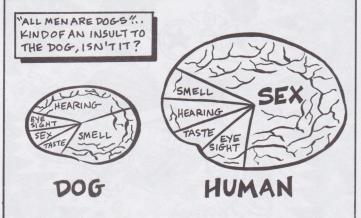
HUMAN ANIMALS REPRESS PLEASURE AND PAIN AND DON'T HOWL IN POLITE SOCIETY. ("GOOD MANNERS!!) AS A RESULT, WE ARE CONDITIONED TO TOLERATE ALL SORTS OF NONSENSE.





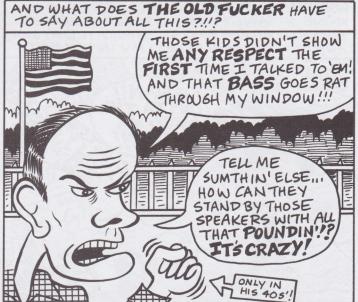


AH-HA! THE BASS IS ALWAYS THE CULPRIT!
YEP, THOSE LOW FREQUENCIES TRAVEL FURTHER THAN HIGH ONES AND PENETRATE EVERY.
THING. NOW... LET'S CHECK OUT THE DIFF
BETWEEN OUR BRAIN AND THAT OF A DOG.



I'M NOW CONVINCED THERE ARE KINKOS WHO REALLY ENJOY THE LOW RUMBLE OF THEIR MECHANICAL TOOLS - MUY MACHO! THIS SUMMER, I GOT TO SHARE THEIR ESCTASY ... 7A.M. - 7P.M., EVERY FUCKING DAY...





BACK TO THE OLD FUCKER- THAT "POUNDIN"
FEELS GOOD! AS A BASS PLAYER, MYSELF, I
KNOW YOU CAN FEEL THE NOTES AS WELL AS
HEAR 'EM. LEMME TELL YOU-IF YOU WANNA
PLAY IN BANDS, YOU'D BE WISE TO DEVELOP
THIS ABILITY.



A "RE-MODEL" BEHIND US AND 4 "SEMI-LUXURY" HOMES IN FRONT. I TRIED EAR PHONES, I TRIED DRUGS. I COULD NOT DRAW I COULDN'T WRITE. CONSTRUCTION-ALL DAY...



WHY WAS I SUDDENLY STOOPID? THE HIGH WHINE OF SAWS MADE ME FEEL HYPER AND THAT RELENTLESS BASS REVERBERATED MY BONES AND TOTALLY CANCELLED MY INTELLECT.



REMEMBER THE DRAWING OF THE BRAIN?
WHEN THE LOW VIBRATIONS HIT YOU "DOWN
THERE", IT'S DISTRACTING, CHALLENGING,
PROVOCATIVE and INTIMIDATING. CHECK OUT
THE STUD WITH THE GHETTO BLASTER...



AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOTICED HOW PLAYING LOUD ALTERS YOUR TIME REFERENCE? IT SLOWS IT DOWN A LOT. HELL, JUST ASK ANY MUSICIAN'S GIRLFRIEND!!



HERE'S A WILD EXAMPLE OF BIO-TUMULTUTOIDISM THAT HAPPENED AT A GEORGE CLINTON GIG. BOOTSY COLLINS WAS A "SPECIAL GUEST".



BOOTSY WAS DETERMINED TO SLAPTHAT SPACE BASS AND BEAM US UP TO MOTHERSHIP WITH AN HOUR LONG SOLO. AFTER A WHILE, I COULDN'T TELL WHAT THE FUCK HE WAS DOIN!



IT WAS SO LOUD THE NOTES BECAME A STRANGE BUZZING! AND I BEGAN TOTHINK ABOUT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BURIED ALIVE...



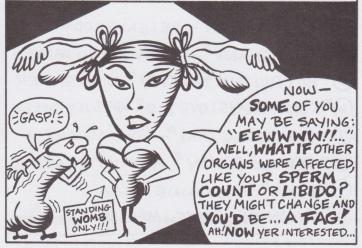
YES, I PANICKED, MOMENTARILY. WHO WOULDN'T? THE CLUB WAS WAY OVER CROWDED and HAD THERE BEEN A FIRE... OH MAN.'... AS I BEGAN TO SPIN OUT, I REALIZED FAINTING WAS RISKY WITH THIS CROWD, SO I SEZ TO MYSELF: "THIS IS LIKE COMING ON TO L.S.D." THAT HELPED A LOT!



MY EARS WERE SHOT, SO I WENT TO THE LADIES ROOM AND DISCOVERED, TO MY HORROR, THAT I'D STARTED MY PERIOD-LIKE 2 WEEKS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.



TT WAS THAT BASS, T TELL YA!! THE OSCILLATIONS OF BOOTSY'S BASS SET OFF A LANDSLIDE OF CELLS RIGHT OFF THE UTERINE RICHTER SCALE!



ALL CELLS REACT TO VIBRATION. EXPERIMENTS WITH PLANTS SHOW THAT GROWTH (OR LACK OF) MAY BE DRAMATICALLY AFFECTED BY MUSIC AND SOUND. THINK ABOUT IT: POWER OVER A LIVING THING USING JUST... SOUND!



UNSUSPECTING INDIVIDUALS, EVEN WHOLE COMMUNITIES HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO MICRO-WAVE AND ELECROMAGNETIC SIGNALS BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IN THE QUEST FOR MIND CONTROL!



IN THE WEEKS PRECEDING THE BRANCH DAVIDIAN MASSACARE IN WACO, TEXAS, FEDS BLASTED THE COMPOUND WITH MEGA-DECIBEL SOUNDS and MUSIC TO "BREAK"THE CULT PSYCHOLOGICALLY.



THEY PLAYED THE MOOING OF COWS, TIBETAN CHANTS, DENTIST DRILLS, MITCH MILLER, BUZZING BEES AND NANCY SINATRA'S, "THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING"!!



HERE'S 10 SONGS THAT'D MAKE ME CRACK!!

- 1"MAXWELL'S SILVER HAMMER"- BEATLES
- 2 "STONEY END" BARBRA STREISAND
- 3"I AM WOMAN"- HELEN REDDY
- (4) "ZOOT SUIT RIOT" CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES
- (5) "HOT CHILD IN THE CITY" NICK GILDER
- 6" I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU" WHITNEY HOUS TON
- TIBIG YELLOW TAXI"- JONIMITCHELL
- 18 "SEX and CANDY" MARCY PLAY GROUND
- 9 "LUKA" SUZANNE VEGA
- 10 "HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW" NEWTON-JOHN

I'M WARNIN' YA - WATCH OUT! HEARING LOSS IS THE LEAST OF IT! IT'S A PLAN-A GOVERNMENT AGENDA TO CONTROL THE HERD!! DON'T LET THEM RENDER YOU WEAK!!! DON'T BUY THE BULLSHIT AND...TURN IT DOWN!!!!

HONORABLE MENTION: ANY THING BY JEWEL OR RUSH

3 in American Popular Music by Jim Blanchard



Amos Milburn

Amos Milburn was born on April Fool's Day in 1927, and began his bad ass musical career as a teenage Marine, rockin' up many an officer's club with his bennie-fueled boogie-woogie piano. Before he was discharged in '45, he also got his bad ass shot at, while serving on an infantry landing craft in Guadalcanal and the Philippines. Once free of the Marines, Amos was a partuin' motherfucker. He loved drinking the sauce so much, he not only wrote songs about it, he wrote lots of them — including "Bad Bad Whiskey," "Good Good Whiskey," "Vicious Vicious Vodka," "Juice Juice," and the oft-covered "One Scotch, One Bourbon, and One Beer." This signature tune "Chicken Shack Boogie" went to #1 in the R & B charts in 1948. Milburn's early tunes are a perfect combination of swinging rhythm, hard-charging piano, and drunk, devil-may-care attitude.

Unfortunately, nobody wanted to do the "Chicken Shack Boogie" in the '60s and '70s, and Amos' notoriety disapeared. His taste for hard-drinking and unfiltered Hools led to two strokes and eventually to early death at age 62.

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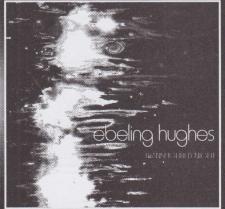


Featuring:

"Gulf of Mexico"
"Northern Lights"
& "Saviours"

Produced by: John Agnello and Varnaline

ZERO HOUR



MISSION STATEMENT: A recording studio can function in many instrumental and unconventional ways. As well, it can be theoretically optimized. We intend, with the blood in our veins, to explore these possibilities as far as possible, to present the results to you in the form of musical pieces, and to express what is in our faithful hearts and subconcious minds.

Great Moments in CK & TONO BY MARK DANCEY AND DAVID MERLINE

HERMAN LUBINSKY, OWNER OF SAVOY RECORDS, REVOLUTIONIZES THE MUSIC INDUSTRY WHEN HE INTRODUCES THE CONCEPT OF "RECOUPABLE" EXPENSES. BY HAVING MUSICIANS ABSORB ALL THE COSTS OF RECORDING AND MANUFACTURING THEIR OWN RECORDS, LUBINSKY REDUCES HIS OVERHEAD DRAMATICALLY, THUS ENSURING THE GROWTH OF THE COMPANY AND JOBS FOR HIS EMPLOYEES.



BERNIE BESSMAN, REALIZING THAT HIS FLEDGLING LABEL, SENSATION RECORDS, CAN'T MEET THE GROWING DEMAND FOR JOHN LEE HOOKER'S "BOOGIE CHILLEN," SELFLESSLY DIVIDES HIS COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THE SONG WITH MODERN RECORDS, A COMPANY WITH THE RESOURCES TO MAKE IT A HUGE HIT.



PLUCKY BLANCHE MELROSE, WIPOW OF WABASH MUSIC PUBLISHER LESTER MELROSE, STEPS INTO HER HUSBAND'S SHOES AND SETTLES ARTHUR "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MAMA" CRUPUP'S ACCOUNTS WITH A ROYALTY CHECK FOR \$1.06.



CONSTANTLY CONCERNED ABOUT THE COMFORT OF HIS EMPLOYEES, LEONAY MAPPERS OF CHESS RECORDS ALWAYS MAKES SURE THEY HAVE A FEW DRINKS BEFORE HE TALKS BUSINESS WITH THEM.



WELL AWARE OF THE VALUE OF WORKER INCENTIVES, SAM PHILLIPS OF SUN RECORDS INSTITUTES THE PRACTICE OF REWARDING GOLD RECORD PERFORMERS WITH A CADILLAC, PAID FOR OUT OF THE ARTIST'S ROYALTIES.



HENRY "PEACEMAKER" STONE, FOUNDER OF T.K. RECORDS, INSTANTLY RESOLVES A \$110,000 ROYALTY DISPUTE WITH GEORGE "ROCK YOUR BABY" MERAE BY PRESENTING THE ARTIST WITH ALL THE CASH HE HAS IN HIS POCKET AND THE KEYS TO A RENTAL CADILLAC.



BRUNSWICK RECORDS PRESIDENT NAT TARNOPOL PROVIDES FOR HIS FAMILY'S FUTURE BY LISTING HIS SON PAUL AS THE WRITER FOR JACKIE WILSON'S "DOGGIN" AROUND," ALTHOUGH THE BOY HADN'T BEEN BORN YET WHEN THE SONG WAS RECORDED.



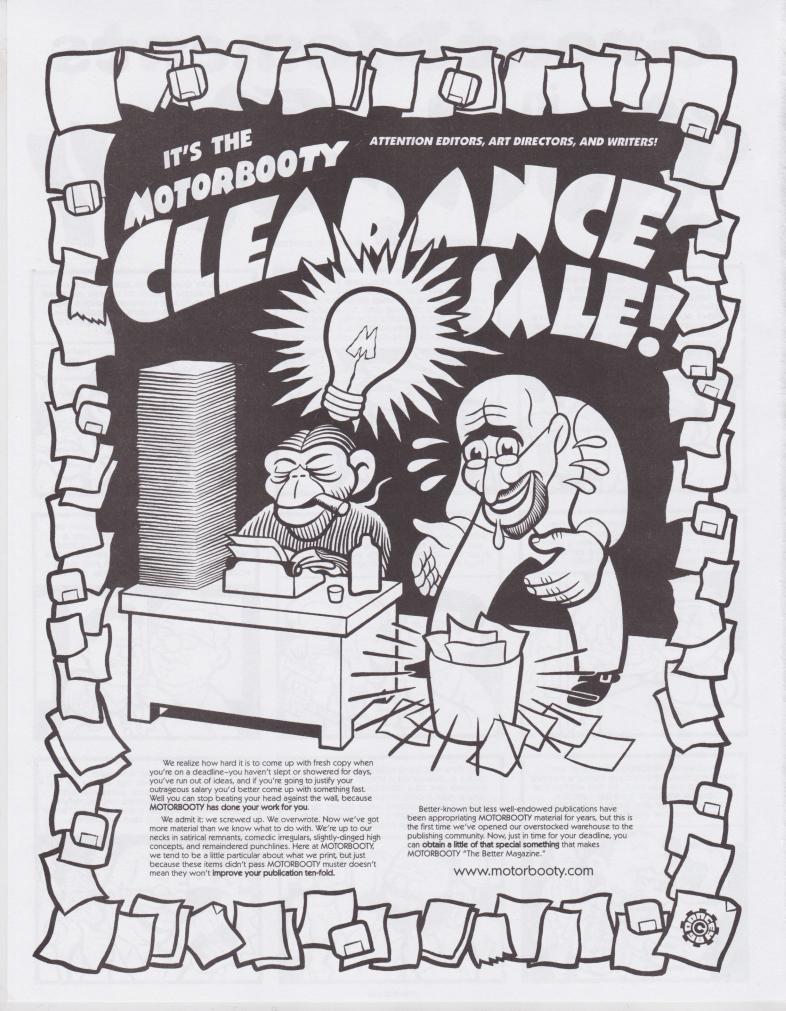
MOTOWN RECORDS MOGUL BERRY GORDY TAKES A CHANCE ON A YOUNG TEENA MARIE, SIGNING HER TO A CONTRACT UNDER WHICH SHE'S PAID A CONSISTENT \$100 PER WEEK, WHETHER HER RECORDS MAKE MONEY OR NOT. FORTUNATELY, GORDY'S FAITH IS REWARDED WHEN HER ALBUMS BRING HIM \$2 MILLION.



THANKS LM!

UPON DISCOVERING THAT COLUMBIA RECORDS HAD NEVER COPYWRITTEN THE SONGS OF THE LATE ROBERT JOHNSON, ENTREPRENEUR STEPHEN LEVERE SHELTERS THE WAYWARD RECORDINGS BY HAVING THEM COPYWRITTEN BY HIS OWN COMPANY, KING OF SPADES.

















FAMILY

I ACTUALLY MANAGED TO GET DOWN HERE EARLY TODAY. IF I CAN JUST TAKE A HALF HOUR EACH DAY BEFORE I DO MY OTHER STUFF, I'M SURE I CAN DEVELOP A COMIC STRIP THAT'D WORK.



I'VE HAD SOME GOOD IDEAS, BUT I HAVEN'T WRITTEN THEM **DOWN** YET. WHAT I NEED IS A SETTING THAT'S INTERESTING, YET INSTANTLY **RECOGNIZABLE**.



I THINK MY BEST BET IS TO STAY CLOSE TO HOME. "KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID" IS THE MOTTO THAT SHOULD EVER BE FOREMOST IN ...



I DON'T THINK ANYTHING WITH ADULTS AT THE CENTER WILL WORK. AT LEAST IT'D BE A LOT HARDER-WITH ADULTS, THERE'S TOO MUCH STUFF YOU HAVE TO AVOID.



I GUESS YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH MORE IF YOU USED FUNNY ANIMALS. BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN A BIG FUNNY ANIMAL GUY. I DON'T BELIEVE IT, AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, IT ISN'T GOING TO WORK.



WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS IS A DECENT HIGH SCHOOL STRIP. NO ONE EVER STOPS THINKING ABOUT HIGH SCHOOL.



I CAN REALLY SEE TEENAGE
ANGST AS A CONTINUING
MOTIF. BUT CONCENTRATING
MORE ON THE WAY WE
REMEMBER ADOLESCENCE
THAN ON ACCURATELY DEPICTING
SOME EXISTING GROUP OF TEENS.



IF YOU DID IT RIGHT, YOU COULD HAVE THIS VERY INTERESTING BLEND OF THE ARCHETYPAL AND THE SPECIFIC...



FUCK, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY FINISHING THIS STORY FOR "ANOTHER GUY'S LISCENSED CHARACTER COMICSO" IF I WANT TO GET PAID THIS MONTH!

THAT BREAK DID ME GOOD. I CAN SEE THIS HAVING A DEFINITE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SLANT. THE LEAD CHARACTER COULD LOOK KIND OF LIKE ME.





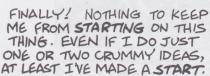
A LIKABLE LOSER. WELL, NOT A LOSER, EXACTLY --SPUNKIER THAN THAT. HE'D HAVE FRIENDS AND ALL. STILL, YOU CAN'T DO A FUNNY STRIP ABOUT THE MOST POPULAR GUY IN CLASS.

ANYWAY, YOU COULD





START WITH HIM LIKING A GIRL. OR MAYBE HE ALREADY HAS A GIRL-FRIEND, BUT THEY'VE GOT PROBLEMS. I KNOW-- SHE JUST GOT BRACES, AND IS OBSESSED ABOUT FOOD CAUGHT IN HER TEETH ...

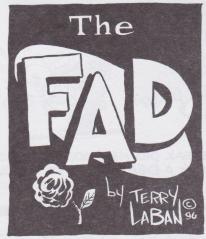






AW, FUCK IT. IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME FOR "E.R."















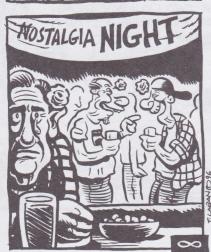












Great BADASSES in American Popular Music by Jim Blanchard



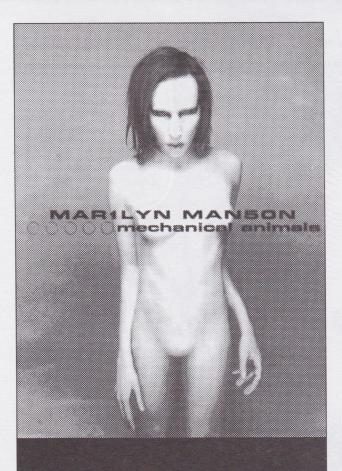
Jimmie Davis

Jimmie Davis is a bad ass on so many levels, it's ironic that he is best known to modern music fans for the slew of smarmy Christian records he cut in the '60s-'70s. This prodigious list of accomplishments prior to that, however, is where the real meat of the man resides.

Many of Jimmie's first recordings in the late '20s and early '80s were raunchy sex songs, full of genital double-entendre and heavily influenced by the deep South blues. Among them: "High Behind Blues" (about gettin' some dark meat south of the border), "Tom Gat and Lussy Blues," and "She's a Tum Dum Dinger from Dingersville."

A few years later, Davis left the risqué stuff behind, and co-wrote the most popular song in country music history, "You Are My Sunshine," with his steel guitarist Charlie Mitchell.

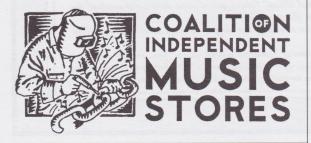
Still not satisfied, he got into local politics and was ultimately elected governor of Louisiana in 1944, using "You Are My Sunshine" as his campaign theme song. The served one term and was later re-elected on a segregationist platform in 1960. During both campaigns his opponents would drag out Davis' profane early records, but there simply was no stopping this big-balled, bacon-eatin' balladeer!



marilyn manson

mechanical animals

nothing



Music from the original motion picture soundtracks.

Conducted and written by Kalyanji, Anandji.

Excavated, Restored and Resurrected by Dan the Automator.

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Perplexa "This Glorious Forward" cd Head music for the next decade. \$12ppd catalog # SS-010



36D "Endormphic Joy" cdep The long lost groove-intensive meeting between members of Big Chief & Bom Without A Face. \$8ppd catalog # SS-004



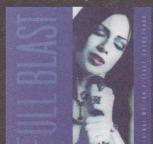
Soul Clique "Only One Division" cd Ethereal Slowburn Funk. \$12 ppd catalog # SS-011



Morsel "I'm A Wreck" cd Melodic. Rhythmic. Caustic. Constructive deconstruction \$12ppd catalog # SS-008



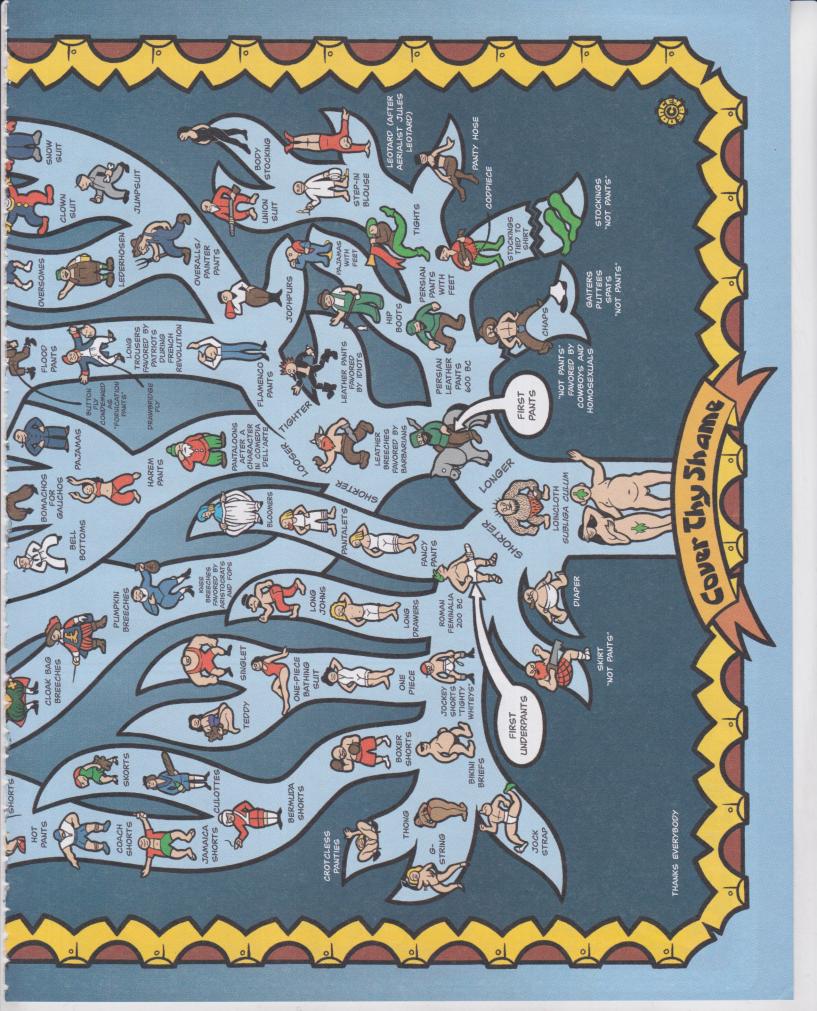
Five Horse Johnson "Double Down" cd Howlin' Wolf meets Sabbath at Happy Hour... \$12 ppd catalog # SS-006



V/A "Full Blast" Original Motion Picture Soundtrack cd A Motor City musical review from the low budget film starring Traci Lords. \$12ppd catalog # SS-009

Distributed By: Action, NAIL, Your Local One-Stop, & Us Direct...Fuck Cargo Records America! Small Stone Records P.O. Box 02007 Detroit, MI 48202 USA www.smallstone.com Ph 248-546-1206 Fx 313-871-4840 Coming in '99: Five Horse Johnson "Fat Black Pussy Cat," Roundhead "Underwater Breathing Apparatus," Morsel "Wrecked & Remixed," Perplexa "III"





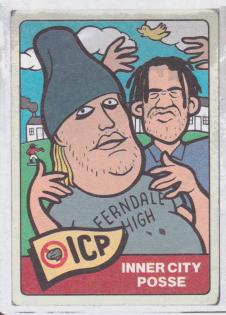




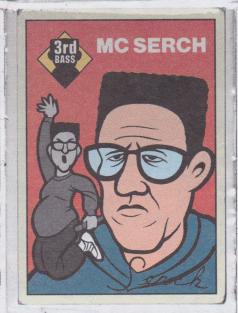












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KID ROCK

KID ROCK BACK THE DAY (1990) 2

A self described Tredneck, "Kid Rock funded his early dem to tapes by photing apples 4.

 on 1999, WSUC-FM at SUNY-Cortland was fined \$23,750 for playing Kid Rock's profamily-filled."Po-Da-Lin in the Valley, "the FCC's stargest-very penalty against a college station at the time!

 O Although Kid Rock sampled Howard Stem in "Balls in Your Mouth," that slidn't prevent Stem from haraging up on Kid when the rapper called reachty to complain that he couldn't pok up any winders in New York!

 The Z-yea-cid Rock is still called "Kid," but the member of his crew who actually looks the most like a child is pint-sized rapper "Jock to still called" Kid." but the member of his crew who actually looks the most like a child is in pint-sized rapper Jock. who's actually a midgett

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

AM
Ang bog
Grits Sandwichs for Breakfast
Inn Polytiza Method
Fre tu De P
Early Mornin Stoned Pimp
Devil Without a Cause

825 833 850 850 875

Jive/RCA/Top Dog Continuum/Top Dog Continuum/Top Dog Top Dog Lava/Atlantic/Top Dog intic/Top Dog

"ICE ICE BABY"

ROBERT VAN WINKLE

LIMP BIZKIT

Born: FRED DURST, WES BORLAND, SAM RIVERS, JOHN OTTO and DJ LETHAL (LEOR DIMANT) Hometown: Jacksonville, FL

60 LIMP BIZKIT PROVE THE OLD ADAGE THAT "NOTHING GOOD EVER CAME FROM FLORIDA"!

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR TEAM HITS WACK FACTOR Three Dollar Bill, Yall\$.915 1997 Flip/Interscope

- Industry insiders describe Limp Bizkit's blend of rap and metal as having "crossover appeal," which means the band are bad at two different musical
- genres simultaneously!

 Limp Bizkit's DJ Lethal used to be in House of Pain,
- making him the league leader in strikeouts!

 The band got their big break when lead rapper Durst, a tattoo 'artist,' passed his demo on to two
- members of Korn right after he inscribed their arms!

 Limp Bizkit's label was busted for paying an Oregon radio station \$50,000 to play the band's first single 50 times—no wonder the name of the song was 'Counterfeit'!



WHITE RAP PLAYERS CHECKLIST

- LORDZ OF BROOKLYN

 M C 900 FT JESUS
 BLOODHOUND GAMG
 FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS
 BRAN VAN 3000

 KOTTONMOUTH KINGS
 NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK
 MARKY MARK AND THE BLOCK
 MARKY MARK AND THE BLOCK
 MARKY MARK AND THE BLOCK
 FOR MARKY MARK AND THE WORLD
 FOR MARKY MARK AND THE STEN INCE
 FOR MARK

VANILLAICE







RENEGADE JEW

Born: DAVID LAWRENCE HH

York, NY

Che Renagnde Jave dish't need to blow up as a rapper to live large: under the need to blow up as a rapper to live large: under the need to blow up as a rapper to live large. Under the need to be need and large time!

Large near a 'Need to live incheme be used by the deliver create as a boaret.

Amount of the incheme to use the large formand to be need to live the need to a boaret.

Wheteveright is ever heard of leaven for formand to be need to the large formand.

Chemene write a bob total d. Aresong D's Store Redellion and has PhD in literature, but you'd never known it from lyvis like "Ye of the light cut'n right lighter? Bring (com liedgits topelher no make things lighter?)

Coon after A to the D was released, the Renagnd's between the large of the large to the literature to this inchement in S in milliant as vession scant.

Chief he got on it federal priston, the Renagnd's between group called bast Tribe and wrote about his just

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CHICAGO BEARS SHUFFLIN' CREW

MINE DOLLAR

C.

Born: JIM McMAHON and GARY FENCIK Hometown: Chicago, IL

MAYØE IF THE SHLIFFLIN FERW HAD TAKEN THE ADVICE OF THE BEARS' TRAINER AND WARMED THE FIRST THEIR RHYMES. WOLLDN'T HAVE BEEN GO STIFF! ★

Although Bears quanterback lim, "I'm the punky of "McMahon is a football playet, he sports of "hockey hair!"
 Feren though it acked rhythm, melody, and ability. "Super Bowl Shuffle" sold more than 500,000 copies in Chicago alone!
 Fortunately for Chicago alone Bears were better athletes than rappers, and the team bear is better athletes than rappers, and the team bear is New England 46-10 in Super Bowl XXI.



WACK FACTOR

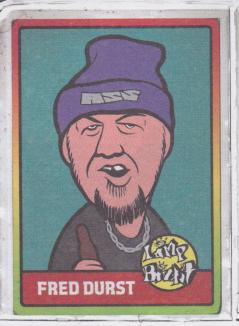
MINOR LEAGUE RECORD

905

"Super Bowl Shuffle" HIS

Red Label TEAM

YEAR 1985



VANILLA / ICE

* Ice's debut album To The Extreme sold an extreme 15 million copies, and at the time, "Ice Ice Baby" was the most successful rap single in history!

* Ice claimed that he was raised in a rough

section of Miami and went to the same high school as 2 Live Crew's Luther Campbell, but it turned out

as 2 Live Crew's Luther Campbell, but it turned out that he grew up on the not-so-mean, streets of Carrollton, TX, in suburban Dallast * Ice bragged he was stabbed five times in a Dallas gang fight, and even pulled his pants down on Into The Night to prove he had a scar! * Ice boasted he was a motocross champion*Tor Team Honda in Florida, but Team Honda insists than beyon any record of him ever raction for them!

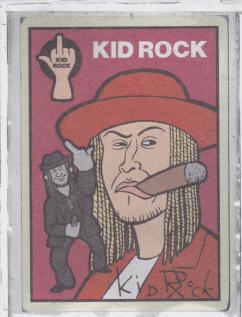
they have no record of him ever racing for them!

* After his follow-up albums stiffed faster than Lot's wife, Ice became a born-again Christian!

MAJOR I FAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	HITS .	MISSES	WACK FACTO
1990	Ultrax/SBK	To The Extreme		.925
1991	Ultrax/SBK		Extremely Live	.933
1994	EMI		Mind Blowin'	.950
1998	Republic/Universal		Hard to Swallow	.967

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card ring that a for dead for dead With his tyrics supporting John Gotti, Big Lou proved he was down not with O.G.s but with A.G.s.—Actual Gangstaff
 By Lou hoped his single would help with the imprisoned Gantinion crime family boxs a new trial. but instead he himself got arrested for his role in crime family boxs a new trial. but instead he himself got arrested for his role in 25/35,000 and not shootings a man in the lege and leaving him for dead.

At his rial, Big Lou's defines attorney William Kunstler claimed that the rapper prosecuted by the government only because of his pro-Gotti lyrics, but the judge allow the sous to be administed as evidence and allow the sous to be administed as evidence with Bit Lallan-American rapper staters something in common with Death Row Record Suge Knight. Big Lou is currently serving a lengthy stretch in prison!

LOUIS . .

FACTOR .733

TEAM

THE RENEGADE JEW

John Gotti 1 Not Found (The

YEAR 1992

WHITE RAP PLAYERS CHECKLIST

ONE-HIT WONDERS

- ☐ EDD "KOOKIE" BYRNES ("Kookie, Kookie (Lend Me Your Comb)") 1959
- □ JIMMY DEAN ("Big Bad John") 1961
 □ BOBBY (BORIS) PICKETT ("Monster Mash") 1962
 □ BOB DYLAN ("Subterranean Homesick Blues") 1965
- □ BOB DYLAN ("Subterranean Homesick Blues") ·
 □ NAPOLEON XIV ("Theyre Coming To Take Me
 Away, Ha-Haaal") 1966
 □ ERIC BURDON ("Spill the Wine") 1970
 □ THE PIPKINS ("Gimme Dat Ding") 1970
 □ C.W. McCALL ("Convoy") 1975
 □ BILL SALUGA ("Dancin' Johnson") 1978
 □ STEVE MARTIN ("King Tut") 1978
 □ STEVE MARTIN ("King Tut") 1979
 □ TOM TOM CLUB ("Wordy Rappinghood") 1981
 □ ADAM ANT ("Ant Rap?") 1981
 □ THE NAILS ("88 Linês About 44 Women") 1981
 □ THE NAILS ("88 Linês About 44 Women") 1981

- MEL BROOKS ("It's Good to Be the King") 1981

 MEL BROOKS ("It's Good to Be the King") 1981

 WHAMI ("WhamI Rap (Enjoy What You Do)") 1982

 BILLY CRYSTAL ("Mahvelous") 1985

 JOE PISCOPO ("The Honeymooners Rap") 1985

 LOU DIMAGGIO ("Hambo: First Rap Part II") 1985

- □ FALCO ("Rock Me Amadeus") 1986 □ RAILROAD JERK ("Bang the Drum") 1995 □ CAKE ("The Distance") 1996 □ BUTTHOLE SURFERS ("Pepper") 1996 □ BARENAKED LADIES ("One Week") 1998
- - PRINTED IN U.S. A.



Born: JORDY LEMOINE Hometown: Meulan, France

- * Five-years-old when his song "Dur dur d'être bébé!" ("It's Tough to Be a Baby!") reached Number One in 14 countries, Jordy had a good excuse for not being down with Old School hip-hop: "back in the day" he hadn't even been born vet!
- * Jordy's father, a record producer, and his mother, a former radio broadcaster, were accused by one French critic of "child prostitution"!
- * It's difficult for Jordy to "live large" when he's still too small to ride the pony he bought with his earnings!
- * Jordy was the youngest solo artist ever to make the Billboard Hot 100 singles chart, and now that he's "fallen off," he's the youngest has-been in pop music

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	HITS	WACK FACTOR
1993	Columbia	Pochette Surprise	.815

大田本の日本ないないないか



Born: MARTIN KIERSZENBAUM and WILLIAM PFLAUM Hometown: Ann Arbor, M

9	MILIAC	THE LEAGUE IN	LUURO
	YEAR TEAM	MISSES	WACK FACTOR
i	1988 Arb	The Funky Record	1.000

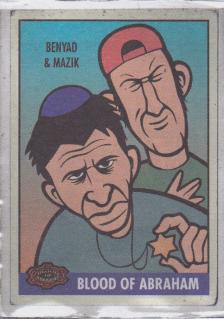
- ★ These two University of Michigan smart alecks must have been joking when they titled their album The Funky Record, because with its anorexic beats, Casio flourishes, and wooden rhymes it's anything but!
- ★ The duo's first single was entitled "Baddest & the Hippest," but it wasn't the baddest so much as it was the worst!
- ★ In 1994, Will E.P. released his own solo album, The Motherplucker, but despite the difficulty in matching the quality standard set by Maroon, he still managed to keep his perfect 1.000 average intact!

The Funky Record received an "A-" grade from Village Voice critic Robert Christgau the same week in 1988 he gave Boogie Down Productions and Run DMC each a "B+"!





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RAPPIN' RODNEY

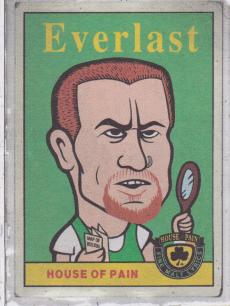
RODNEY DANGERFIELD
Born: JACOB COHEN
Hometown: Babylon, NY



- In 1985, Rodney became the first rapper to ever win a Grammy, when "Rappin' Rodney" picked up the award for "Best Comedy Record"!
- Rodney has something in common with gangsta rappers—a
 1985 study by the National Coalition on Television Violence
 cited the video for "Rappin" Rodney" for violent content!
- "Rappin' Rodney" became the theme song for the DePaul Blue Demons basketball team's 1984 season, because the squad felt they got "no respect"!

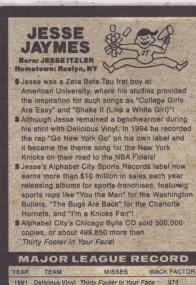
		MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD	
YEAR	TEAM	HITS	WACK FACTOR
1983	RCA	"Rappin' Rodney"	.775

PRINTED IN U.S. A.

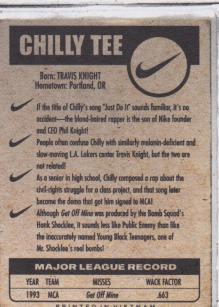




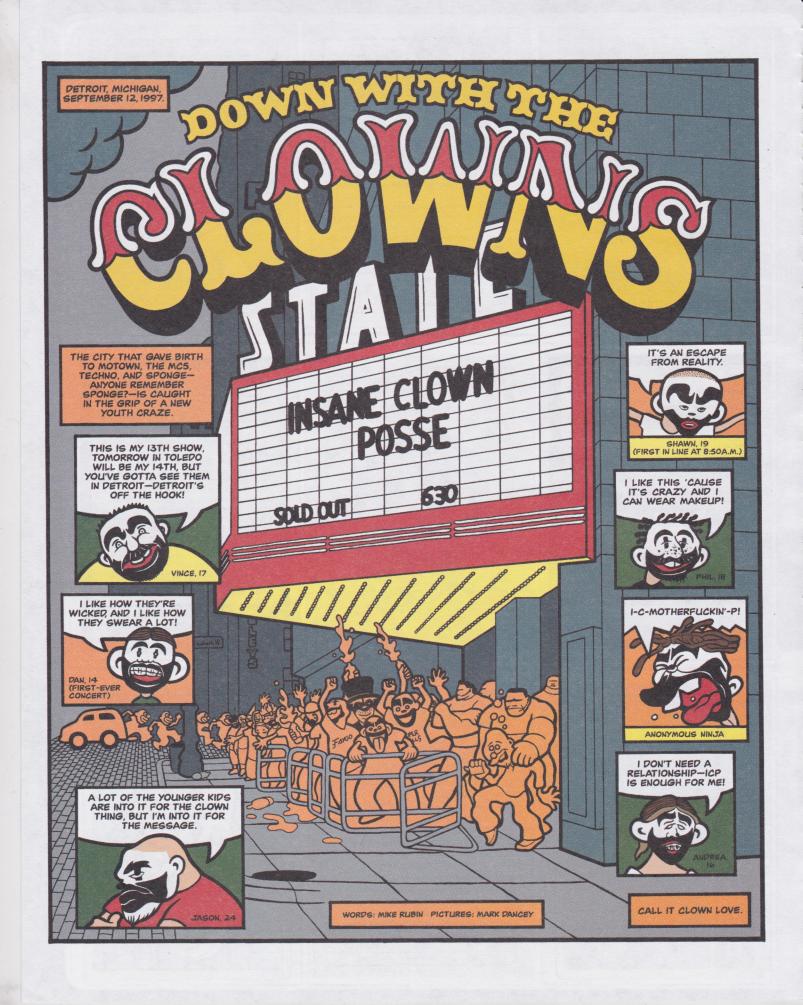












WHILE IT'S CERTAINLY A CIRCUS-LIKE ATMOSPHERE OUT IN FRONT OF THE STATE THEATER, IT ISN'T THE RINGLING BROS. THAT HAVE BROUGHT 3,000 SUBURBANITES -MOST OF THEM SPORTING FACES DAUBED WITH GREASE-PAINT-BACK TO THE DOWNTOWN THEIR PARENTS ABANDONED NO, IT'S THE TRIUMPHANT HOMECOMING OF ANOTHER TWOSOME. THE MOST INFAMOUS MADMEN TO BURST OUT OF THE MOTOR CITY SINCE TED NUGENT: THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE, A WHITE RAP DUO THAT SPINS TALES OF CARTOONISH KILLINGS AND WEARS CLOWN MAKELIP



TONIGHT MARKS ICP'S FIRST HOMETOWN CONCERT SINCE THE WELL-PUBLICIZED JUNE FLAP THAT BROUGHT THE GROUP NATIONAL NOTORIETY. DISNEY-OWNED HOLLYWOOD RECORD'S RECALLED 100,000 COPIES OF THE GROUP'S NEW ALBUM, THE GREAT MILENKO, A MERE SIX HOURS AFTER IT WAS SHIPPED TO STORES, CITING "INAPPROPRIATE" LYRICS.



ALTHOUGH MILENKO HAD BEEN APPROVED BY THE COMPANY BACK IN MARCH, DISNEY EXECS DIDN'T INITIATE THE VIRTUALLY UNPRECEDENTED RECALL UNTIL JUST A WEEK AFTER THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION HAD VOTED TO BOYCOTT DISNEY FOR "GAY-FRIENDLY" POLICIES.



WHILE IT'S HARD TO FATHOM WHAT ELLEN OR HEALTH INSURANCE FOR HOMOSEXUALS HAS TO DO WITH A COUPLE OF POTTY-MOUTHED CLOWNS, DISNEY'S CAPITULATION HAS PROSPECTIVE CENSORS WHISTLING "ZIP A DEE DOO DAH."



IF ANYTHING, ICP IS OFFENSIVE NOT FOR THEIR OBSCENITY, BUT FOR THEIR STUPIDITY. IN AN ERA THAT HAS SEEN NUMEROUS ROCK BANDS—INCLUDING RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, 3II, AND KORN—ATTEMPT TO SPICE THEIR BLAND MEAT BY DELIVERING VOCALS IN AN APPROXIMATION OF HIP-HOP "FLAVA," ICP MAY BE THE EQUAL OPPORTUNITY RAPPERS MOST IN DANGER OF HAVING THEIR LICENSE TO ILL REVOKED.



ALTHOUGH YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BLACK TO RAP WELL (IT SURE HASN'T HELPED PUFF DADDY), ICP'S CLOWN SHTICK REMINDS US THAT THE SPECTACLE OF THE WHITE RAPPER HAS USUALLY BEEN RIDICULOUS.



ACTUALLY, THE TRADITION OF PAINTING ONE'S FACE AND MIMICKING BLACK MANNERISMS—BETTER KNOWN AS MINSTRELSY—IS OLD AND INFLUENTIAL.



AMERICAN POPULAR SONG
IS ROOTED IN JUST SUCH MUSICAL
MISCEGENATION. STEPHEN FOSTER.
AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT SONGWRITER,
WROTE MANY OF HIS COMPOSITIONS
ABOUT PLANTATION LIFE IN BLACK
DIALECT, DESPITE SPENDING VIRTUALLY
ALL HIS LIFE IN PITTSBURGH, PA.



"ONE OF THE GREAT IRONIES OF BLACKFACE, FROM MINSTREL SHOWS TO ROCK'N'ROLL," WRITES KEN EMERSON IN DOO-DAH!: STEPHEN FOSTER AND THE RISE OF AMERICAN POPULAR CULTURE, IS THAT "IT REPRESENTS A CERTAIN FREEDOM TO WHITES—FREEDOM FROM BOURGEOIS CONVENTIONS AND EXPECTATIONS—EVEN THOUGH THAT ILLUSION OF FREEDOM IS LARGELY THE CONSEQUENCE OF WHITE OPPRESSION AND EXCLUSION."



THE ACT OF "APING A BLACK MAN," SUGGESTS EMERSON, REINFORCED A WHITE MAN'S "SENSE OF RACIAL SUPERIORITY AND SOCIAL RESPECTABILITY WHILE AT THE SAME TIME IT RELIEVED HIM FOR AN EVENING FROM THE PRESSURES THAT SUPERIORITY AND RESPECTABILITY CREATED!"



ICP'S SPECIAL TWIST ON THIS CULTURAL TRANSVESTISM IS ADORNING THEMSELVES IN A JESTER'S MAQUILLAGE. OF COURSE, IN THE '90S, IF YOU'RE A CLOWN YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A SINISTER AGENDA. THANKS TO FIGURES LIKE STEPHEN KING'S PENNYWISE AND JOHN WAYNE GACY'S ALTER EGO, POGO, THE EVIL CLOWN HAS BECOME AS FAMILIAR A CLICHÉ AS RED RUBBER NOSES AND BIG FLOPPY FEET.



BUT CONTENT-LIGHT, MAKEUP-HEAVY CONCEPTS HAVE LONG BEEN WARMLY EMBRACED IN DETROIT. IN 1970, ALICE COOPER RELOCATED HIS BAND FROM L.A. TO DETROIT TO LET HIS MASCARA BLEED AND SING ABOULT DEAD BABIES.



(COOPER MAKES A CAMEO APPEARANCE ON MILENKO, BUT HAS SINCE RENOUNCED THE ALBUM FOR BEING TOO OUTRAGEOUS.)

IN THE MID '70s, KISS HONORED THE MOTOWN AUDIENCES WHO HAD BEEN SO RECEPTIVE TO THEIR POOR-MAN'S KABUKI BY PENNING THE ANTHEM "DETROIT ROCK CITY."



(KISS KICKED OFF THEIR 1996 RETURN-TO-MAKEUP TOUR AT DETROIT'S TIGER STADIUM.)

AND IN THE LATE '806, THE MOTOR CITY PROVIDED A NURTURING ENVIRONMENT FOR THE BOARDS-CRASHING BUFFOON THE WORLD WOULD COME TO KNOW AS DENNIS RODMAN.



EVEN THE CUSTOM OF CLOWNING FOR COMMERCE IS A TRIED AND TRUE DETROIT PRACTICE. ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR LOCAL TV PERSONALITIES OF THE 'SO® WAS MILKY, A SHILL FOR





WHILE IN THE '60s

THERE'S CONSIDERABLE IRONY
TO ICP'S SUCCESS: WITH A
POPULATION THAT IS 76
PERCENT BLACK, PETROIT IS
THE LARGEST U.S. CITY WITH
AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN
MAJORITY, YET HAS
PROPUCED NO HIP-HOP THAT
ANYONE OUTSIDE THE TRICOUNTY AREA HAS HEARD OF.



THIS SITUATION IS PERFECTLY IN KEEPING WITH DETROIT'S TRAGIC HISTORY OF RACIAL STRIFE AND SEGREGATION. THE CITY HAS NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE LOSS OF PEOPLE AND CAPITAL TO THE SUBURBS FOLLOWING THE 1967 RIOT', AND RACIAL BOLNDARIES ARE STRICTLY DRAWN: AS FAR AS YOUNG ICP FANS ARE CONCERNED, BLACK DETROIT MIGHT AS WELL BE ANOTHER PLANET.



PEOPLE SAY DETROIT IS BAD, BUT THESE KIDS COME DOWN FROM THE SUBURBS, THEY DRINK THEIR BEER, THEY PISS ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK, THEY GET INTO FIGHTS, AND THEY CALL IT CLOWNING AROUND. . .



...THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT IT IS THAT AFTER THEY LEAVE, STREET PEOPLE COME AND COLLECT THE BOTTLES FOR THE DEPOSIT.



BUT ICP WOULD BE JUST ANOTHER LOCAL JOKE BAND WITHOUT THEIR INSANELY DEVOTED FANS, WHOM THE BAND REFER TO AS "JUGGALOS." TYPICAL ARE SHAWN ZELLMER (IS CONCERTS) AND HIS WIFE HEATHER (IS SHOWS), WHO MET AT AN ICP GIG WHERE IT WAS A CASE OF CLOWN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.



ACCORDING TO THE GROUP'S MANAGER ALEX ABBIGS, ONE IN EVERY FOUR POSSE FANS HAS ICP TATTOOS.



DESPITE VIOLENT J'S INSISTENCE THAT "OUR FANS ARE NOT WHITE, THEY'RE CLOWNS," THERE ARE ALMOST NO BLACK FACES AMONG TONIGHT'S CONCERT-GOERS—PROOF THAT ICP ARE DOWN WITH THE HIP-HOP NATION'S FASTEST-GROWING CONSTITUENCY, YOUNG WHITE CONSUMERS.



AL JOLSON USED TO

THIS SHIT DOES WASH OFF, DOESN'T IT? I HAVE TO BE IN CHURCH ON SUNDAY.



NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE POSSE'S DIE-HARD BOOSTERS—
THERE ARE 25,000 MEMBERS OF THEIR FAN CLUB—BLY A LOT
OF MERCHANDISE. LAST YEAR, THE BAND GROSSED OVER
\$500,000 ON PARAPHERNALIA ALONE.

MY WHOLE
BASEMENT'S FULL
OF ICP CRAP!

I PAID \$130
FOR THIS!

HEY, THAT'S
MY MONEY!

HEY, THAT'S
MY MONEY!

TED GNIDA

NOT BAD FOR A COUPLE OF HIGH-SCHOOL DROPOUTS WHO BOTH HAD CHILDHOODS SO ROUGH THEY WOULD MAKE EMMETT KELLY WEEP.



LATER, THEY FORMED THEIR OWN CREW OF WOULD-BE HOODLUMS, THE INNER CITY POSSE. "IN THE SUBURBS THEY THOUGHT WE WERE A RUTHLESS GANG," SAYS VIOLENT J, "BUT THE REAL GANGS THOUGHT WE WERE A BUNCH OF PUSSIES, SO WE GOT OUR ASSES KICKED EVERY DAY."



THE LAST REFUGE OF THE FAKE GANGSTER IS TO BECOME A RAPPER, SO THE INNER CITY POSSE BECAME THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE, AND DESPITE CRITICAL ANTIPATHY, THEIR POPULARITY CONTINUES TO GROW.

FRANK HINTTA



"WE KNOW WE SUCK," SAYS VIOLENT J. "SO MANY RAPPERS TALK ABOUT HOW FRESH THEY ARE, BUT IT'S SO MUCH EASIER TO BE A PORK."

TRACY ROMANOW



ONSTAGE, ICP
INDULGE IN A
SORT OF
CIRCUS
KARAOKE,
RAPPING ALONG
TO A TAPE OF
THEIR RECORD
WITHOUT THE
ACCOMPANIMENT
OF A BAND OR
EVEN A D.I

THEIR SOLE LIVE PERFORMANCE ELEMENT CONSISTS OF DOUSING THEIR AUDIENCE WITH TWO-LITER BOTTLES OF FAYGO SODA POP, A LOCALLY MANUFACTURED SOFT DRINK—A NOD TO ONE OF CLOWNING'S FUNDAMENTAL FORMULAS, "A LITTLE SONG, A LITTLE DANCE, A LITTLE SELTZER POWN YOUR PANTS."



IT'S THE BIGGEST UNSOLICITED PRODUCT ENDORSEMENT SINCE RUN-D.M.C.'S "MY ADIDAS."

THE PUO GO THROUGH 400 TWO-LITERS A SHOW. "FAYGO'S CHEAP." EXPLAINS VIOLENT J. "ONLY SCRUBS DRINK IT, AND THAT'S WHY I'M DOWN WITH IT."



(PRODUCER DON WAS, NÉ DON FEIGENSON, IS THE DESCENDANT OF A FAYGO CO-FOUNDER.) "CLEARLY WE PON'T PRODUCE THE PRODUCT TO SPRAY ON PEOPLE." SAYS MATT ROSENTHAL, FAYGO'S DIRECTOR OF MARKETING. "WE NORMALLY PRODUCE BEVERAGES FOR CONSUMPTION."



ULTIMATELY, THE DISNEY DEBACLE MAY BE THE BEST THING THAT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO THE GROUP: THEY SIGNED TO ISLAND FOR A REPORTED \$2.5 MILLION AND THEIR INFAMY HAS BEEN INCREASING EVER SINCE. "I DON'T WANT TO BE KNOWN AS THE DISNEY BAND," SAYS VIOLENT J, "BUT I'LL TAKE IT ANY WAY I CAN GET IT."



"WE'RE HERE TO STAY," DECLARES VIOLENT J. "IT DON'T MAKE NO SENSE, BUT THE KIDS DON'T NEED NO EXPLANATION. THEY HAVE FUN AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. . .



. . EVERYONE ELSE CAN FUCK OFF!"



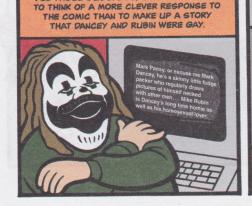




WITHIN HOURS, THE CLOWNS CONVERTED THEIR "WICKED WEB SITE" INTO AN ONLINE "WANTED" POSTER, DISPLAYING A PHOTO OF DANCEY AND AN EXHORTATION TO THEIR FANS TO HUNT HIM DOWN.

This is what he looks like:

Lets see who can find him first. With 1 d Psychopathic Records crown immbers and 10,000 luggings constantly and promise you let the liftle best know what we think of him drawing skills.



DESPITE THE COMBINED BRAIN POWER OF

ALL THOSE JUGGALOS, ICP WERE UNABLE



... ALTHOUGH IT ISN'T CLEAR HOW THE ANTICS OF THESE TWO JOKERS MIGHT INSPIRE ENVY.



THE COMIC'S SPACE LIMITATIONS
ACTUALLY WORKED TO THEIR ADVANTAGE
THERE WASN'T ROOM FOR THEIR BORING
SELF-PROMOTIONAL SHTICK...

I GREW UP IN A HAUNTED HOUSE...THE

I GREW UP IN A HAUNTED HOUSE...THE DARK CARNINAL CAME TO US AND SAID, YO, SPEAK OF SIX PROPHETS AND YOU WILL BE GRANTED ETERNAL FRESHNESS, NAKED CHICKS, ALL THE FAYGO YOU LIKE, AND MAD LOOT... I WANNA BE DOWN WITH THE GR



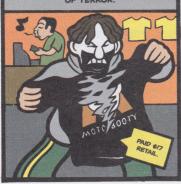
I'M NOT
AFRAID
TO ADMIT
I'M A
DUMBASS.

WE'RE THE FLICKING
DUMBASSS. IF
YOU WANNA
FLICKING HOLLER
AT SOME DUMBA
ASSES, COME
TALK TO US.

GIVEN THE SOURCE, IT WAS HARD TO TAKE THE CLOWNS' FATWA SERIOUSLY, ALTHOUGH THERE WAS ALWAYS THE DANGER OF A SUICIDE SELTZER BOMB OR A DRIVE-BY PIE THROWING.



IRRESPONSIBLY EGGED ON BY ICP, THE JUGGALOS BEGAN WAGING A LESS-THAN-EFFECTIVE CAMPAIGN OF TERROR.



THERE WERE E-MAIL SALUTATIONS...

. . . VOICEMAIL GREETINGS . . .

HEY, YOU DUMB FUCKING BITCH!
YOU DUMB FUCKING BITCH! WHAT
THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING? WHEN I
SEE YOU I'M GOING TO KICK
YOUR MOTHERFUCKING ASS!*



ONE OF MANY MESSAGES LEFT AT SPIN'S NEW YORK OFFICES. ... AND GET-TOGETHERS ON THE STREET WITH EAGLE-EYED JUGGALOS.

AREN'T YOU THE FAGGOT THAT DREW THAT CARTOON?



THE CLOWNS' NOVEL USE OF THE INTERNET TO MARSHALL THEIR FANS TO VIOLENCE DREW WIDESPREAD MEDIA COVERAGE...

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A BAND HAS EVER USED THE WEB TO THREATEN A MAGAZINE OR ONE OF ITS EMPLOYEES.



. . . BUT BACK IN DETROIT, ONE LOCAL TABLOID SOMEHOW TOOK A PRO-CLOWN STANCE.

WHOSE SIDE AM I GONNA TAKE, THE GUY WITH THE MAGAZINE THAT NEVER COMES OUT OR THE GUYS WHO TAKE OUT FULL-PAGE ADS EVERY MONTH?



IT'S IRONIC THAT SELF-PROCLAIMED FIRST AMENDMENT MARTYRS LIKE ICP WOULD SEEK TO PERSECUTE ANYONE FOR EXERCISING THE VERY FREEDOM OF SPEECH THAT CREATED THEIR IS MINUTES IN THE NATIONAL SPOTLIGHT, BUT SUCH HYSTERICAL REACTIONS BY PERFORMERS ARE NOTHING NEW. FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, WRITERS HAVE BEEN CRITICIZING MUSICIANS AND MUSICIANS HAVE BEEN TAKING IT BADLY.



IN THE EARLY 1800 WHEN CRITIC GOTTFRIED WEBER ACCUSED BEETHOVEN OF DESECRATING THE PURPOSE OF HIS ART, THE COMPOSER'S RESPONSE WAS IMMEDIATE. . .

OH YOU WRETCHED HEEL! WHAT I SHIT IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER



... WHILE RICHARD WAGNER TOOK A LITTLE LONGER TO CONVEY HIS ANNOYANCE WITH EDUARD HANGLICK, PATTERNING A DESPICABLE CHARACTER IN HIS 1867 DIE MEISTERSINGER AFTER THE VIENNA CRITIC.



OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS THE SOLUTION DEVISED IN THE 1980'S BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, WHICH BANNED THE BOSTON GLOBES MICHAEL STEINBERG FROM EVEN ENTERING THEIR CONCERT HALL BECAUSE OF HIS PRINTED ATTACKS.





JAZZ PIANIST THELONIOUS MONK ONCE QUIPPED THAT "WRITING ABOUT MUSIC IS LIKE DANCING ABOUT ARCHITECTURE," BUT THERE'S REALLY NOTHING FOR ARTISTS TO GET ALL RILED UP ABOUT; IF THE PRESS WERE WERE REALLY ALL THAT POWERFUL, THEN BUILT TO SPILL WOULD BE BIGGER THAN THE BEATLES.

NEVERTHELESS, ROCK MUSICIANS HAVE LONG BEEN FUSSY ABOUT THEIR TREATMENT BY THE MEDIA. LOU REED WENT HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH LESTER BANGS FOR A 1975 CREEM INTERVIEW...

YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN WHEN YOU STARTED. YOU JUST KIND OF CHASE YOUR TAIL.

THAT'S WHAT I WAS
GOING TO SAY TO YOU!
PO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE
A SELF-PARODY?

NO. IF I LISTENED
TO YOU ASSHOLES
I WOLLD, YOU'RE
COMIC STRIPS.

... BUT REED SET HIS SIGHTS ON THE VILLAGE VOICE'S
ROBERT CHRISTGALI AND THE NEW YORK TIMES' JOHN
ROCKWELL WHILE ONSTAGE, CAPTURED FOR POSTERITY
ON HIS 1978 LIVE ALBUM TAKE NO PRISONERS.



IN THE MID '80° CHRISTGAU ALSO
INCURRED THE WRATH OF SONIC YOUTH,
WHO ENTITLED ONE SINGLE 'I KILLED
CHRISTGAU WITH MY BIG FUCKING DICK,"
WHILE THE SWANS' MICHAEL GIRA
EXPRESSED HIS FRUSTRATION BY
EJACULATING INTO A ZIPLOC BAG AND
MAILING THE CONTENTS TO THE VOICE.



IN 1986, AFTER SPENDING THE DAY WITH CREEM WRITER CHLICK EDDY, THE BEASTIE BOYS BROKE INTO HIS HOTEL ROOM AND PAID HIM A MIDNIGHT VISIT.



WHEN FOOTAGE OF THE INCIDENT APPEARED IN A BEASTIES' HOME VIDEO, EDDY SUED THE BAND FOR USING HIS LIKENESS WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION, THOUGH THE CASE WAS EVENTUALLY DROPPED.



IN PERHAPS ROCK'S MOST INFAMOUS CRITICAL BEATDOWN, THE SEX PISTOLS ATTACKED WRITER NICK KENT IN SONG ("I WANNA BE ME"), WHILE FUTURE BASSIST/EMBARRASSMENT SID VICIOUS ASSAULTED HIM WITH A BIKE CHAIN AT A 1976 PISTOLS CONCERT.



SID'S VICIOUSNESS PREFIGURED
THE HIP-HOP COMMUNITY'S
FREQUENT HOSTILITY TOWARD
THE PRESS. EDITORS AT SEVERAL
RAP PUBLICATIONS CAN RECOUNT
TALES OF HEARING THE SOUND OF A
GUN BEING CLICKED AND LOADED ON
THE OTHER END OF A PHONE LINE...



... A SENTIMENT EXPRESSED IN PUBLIC ENEMY'S 1994 "I STAND ACCUSED." WHERE CHUCK D THREATENED CRITICS WHO "CROSS A LINE AND DIS MY RHYME."

IF YOU FIND A CRITIC DEAD/REMEMBER WHAT I SAID/WHO KILLED A CRITIC/GUESS THE CREW DID IT



IN 1994 WU-TANG CLAN HANGER-ON
MASTA KILLA ATTEMPTED TO LIVE UP TO HIS
NICKNAME BY GIVING WRITER CHEO HOPARI
COKER A BLACK EYE, APPARENTLY UPSET BY
CARICATURES THAT ACCOMPANIED A COKER
ARTICLE ON THE GROUP IN RAP PAGES.



BACKSTAGE AT ENGLAND'S GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL LAST JULY, TRICKY LET CRAIG MCLEAN KNOW WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE PROFILE MCLEAN HAD WRITTEN ABOUT HIM IN THE FACE.



LAST JULY AT A NEW YORK STUDIO, THE FUGEES' WYCLEF JEAN ALLEGEDLY THREATENED BLAZE MAGAZINE EDITOR JESSE WASHINGTON WITH "BLOODSHED" IF THE MAGAZINE WERE TO PUBLISH A NEGATIVE REVIEW OF THE UPCOMING ALBUM BY WYCLEF'S PROTEGE CANIBUS.



BLAZE DECIDED TO HOLD THE UNFAVORABLE CANIBUS REVIEW, BUT A FEW MONTH'S LATER THE EDITOR WASN'T SPARED WHEN DERIC "D-DOT" ANGELETTIE, UNHAPPY THAT THE MAGAZINE HAD UNMASKED HIM AS THE MADD RAPPER, PAID WASHINGTON A VISIT.



OF COURSE, IT ISN'T ONLY PROFESSIONAL CRITICS WHO SHOWER PERFORMERS WITH CONTEMPT. ON AN APPEARANCE ON HOWARD STERN'S RAPIO SHOW LAST SPRING, ICP WERE ANYTHING BUT A CROWD FAVORITE.

WHO ARE THESE GUYS? INSANE CLOWN | PUSSIES?

> I'M A CLOWN, BROTHER, I'M NOT TRYING TO BE BLACK OR WHITE OR GREEN—

THESE GUYS ARE GOING AROUND, TRYING TO ACT BLACK.

OH, YOU'RE TRYING TO BE A CLOWN? WELL, YOU'RE POING A GOOD JOB AT THAT!



COME POWN TO THE STUDIO AND I'LL STICK MY CLOWNY FOOT IN YOUR ASS! I PON'T CARE WHAT COLOR YOU ARE!

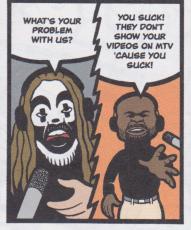
AND WHEN THE COPS COME YOU'LL ACT WHITE. YOU PON'T WANT TO BE BLACK THEN. PO YOU?

TELL ME WHERE THE CAR WASH YOU WORK AT IS AND I'LL COME UP THERE AND ROLL MY '98 EXPLORER, AND AFTER YOU CLEAN MY RIMS I'LL KICK YOUR ASS!



THERE'S A GUY IN THE LOBBY, A BLACK GUY... HE SAID, "I WAS DRIVING BY, YOU GUY'S ARE LOOKING FOR A BLACK GUY TO KICK THEIR ASS, I'M HERE." I'LL BRING HIM TO THE GREEN ROOM.





CAUSE THERE I GOT A ARE PEOPLE GOLD RECORD AND I SUCK? OUT THERE THAT DON'T HOW CAN THAT APPRECIATE BE, 500,000 TALENT! YOU PEOPLE SUCK, YOU BOUGHT MY SUCK, YOU ALBUM? SUCK!





GONNA PO, AM I GONNA GO
TO JAIL AND MISS THE 3000
PEOPLE WHO BOUGHT TICKETS
TO MY SHOW TONIGHT, JUST
TO KICK YOUR STUPID ASS?

YOU GUYS
GO COOL
POWN,
ENOUGH
WITH THIS.

BACKING DOWN? WHAT AM I



ALL THIS RIDICULE EVIDENTLY ATE AWAY AT VIOLENT J'S INNER CLOWN. AT A ST. PAUL CONCERT SOON AFTER, HE SUFFERED A PANIC ATTACK ONSTAGE AND CUT OFF HIS PREADLOCKS, FORCING ICP TO CANCEL THE REST OF THEIR TOUR.



A FEW DAYS LATER, VIOLENT J EXPERIENCED ANOTHER ANXIETY EPISODE AND HAD TO BE HOSPITALIZED IN A MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY...



. Finally putting the "insane" into insane clown posse.

TODAY, THE CLOWNS' FAVORITE TUNE IS TO REMIND ANYONE WHO'LL LISTEN THAT THE GREAT MILENKO IS NOW "CERTIFIED GOLD." OF COURSE, GIVEN THAT IT TOOK ALL THE FREE PUBLICITY THAT ANY GROUP COULD HOPE TO RECEIVE. A FORTUNE INVESTED BY ISLAND RECORDS, AND A YEAR IN STORES TO REACH THAT SALES MILESTONE, IT CERTAINLY APPEARS THAT THE CLOWNS HAVE PEAKED.

AS ICP'S BRIEF MOMENT DRAWS TO A CLOSE, THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY SEEMS SECURE. AFTER ALL, FELLOW PUNCHLINE VANILLA ICE SOLD IS MILLION COPIES, AND LOOK WHERE HE IS NOW.











CARTOON BABYLON

Contrary to what the media will tell you, the history of off-color, adult-themed cartoons reaches back far beyond South Park. Indeed Matt Stone and Trey Parker's pottymouthed paper cutouts are even more one-dimensional when compared with some of the outrageous short films locked in the dusty vaults of Hollywood's most famous animation studios. Walt Disney, Warner Bros., and Paramount all possess stockpiles of controversial cartoons whose questionable content has kept them out of the public eye for decades. In addition to racist ultraviolent, and "blue" animated shorts which were taken out of circulation years after their initial release, there are a number of films



CHICKEN-HAWK CHARLIE (1925)

Inspired by Charlie Chaplin's shotgun marriage to a 16-year-old girl and the Little Tramp's subsequent beating at the hands of outraged studic boss Louis B. Mayer, this in-house production was created strictly for the titillation and amusement of MGM staffers and was never screened in public.



YELLOW FEVER (1945)

In an effort to promote its policy of placing Japanese-Americans in internment camps, the U.S. Government enlisted the aid of the country's best-loved "Jap slapper." Popeye the Sailor. However, the A-bomb incinerated Hiroshima and Nagasaki and brought an end to the war before this film could be distributed.

Animation's Darkest and Best Kept Secrets

Another Installment in MOTORBOOTY's Great Lost Culture of the 20th Century Series

equally offensive to today's sensibilities that never even made it to theaters, with subject matter bizarre enough to make Ralph Bakshi blush. While some of these films, like *Coal Black and De Sebben Dwarves*, have been screened at animation festivals in the last few years, countless others remained in cold storage until a recent accidental discovery brought to light the existence of these strange artifacts from a time before "PG" and "PC." Now, for the first time ever, we'd like to share a few of these banned, rejected, and lost cartoons, on loan from the collection of MOTORBOOTY archivist Glenn Barr:



BUGS vs. BUGSY (1946)

In this typically slapstick Warner Bros. offering, Bugs Bunny thwarts wiseguy Bugsy Siegel's attempt to build a resort hotel on the site of the rabbit's abode. The release of this short feature was indefinitely postponed when a series of mishaps landed half the Warner Bros. animation studio in the hospital with broken limbs.



WEED CRAZY (1948)

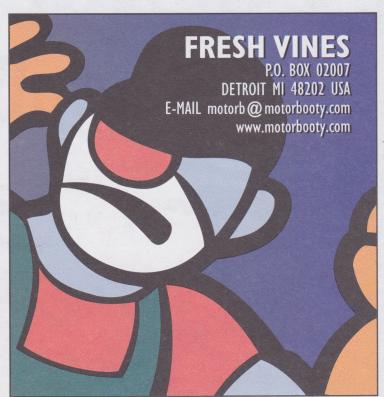
As a condition of his parole following an arrest for marijuana possession, Robert Mitchum agreed to have his likeness used in this cautionary cartoon. Although intended to warn viewers against the dangers of "Mary Jane," the film's graphic depiction of hemp-fueled debauchery caused the studio to worry that it might actually promote pot smoking and they cancelled its release.



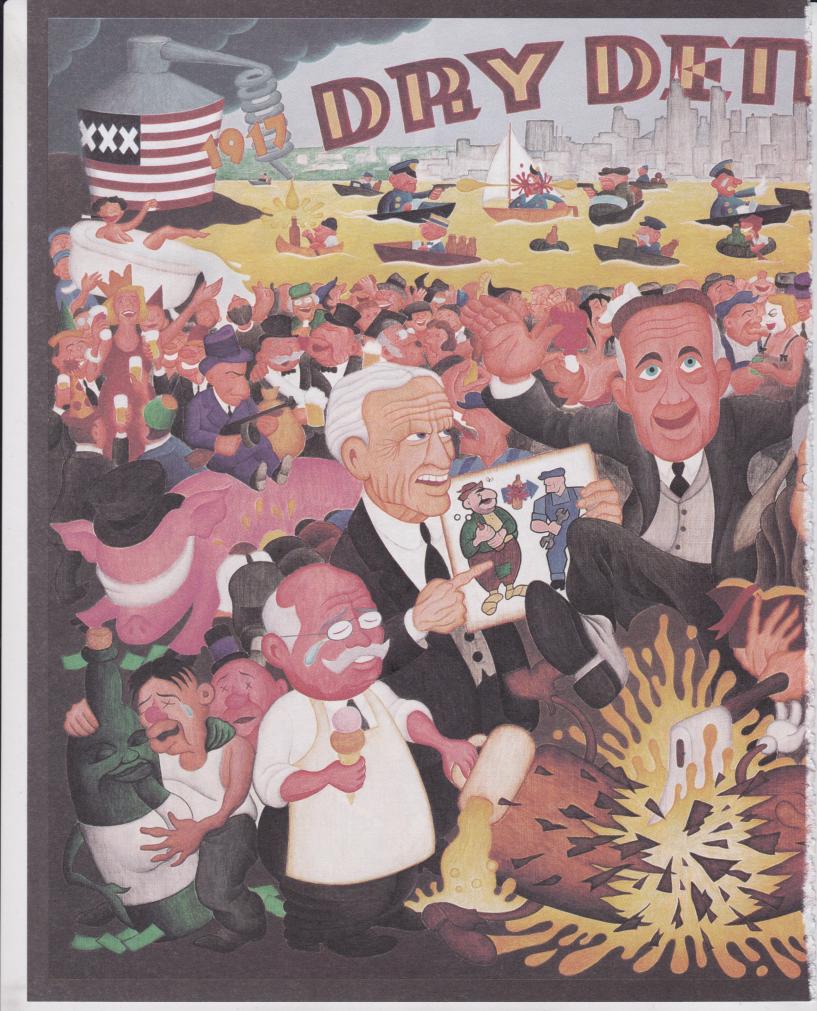


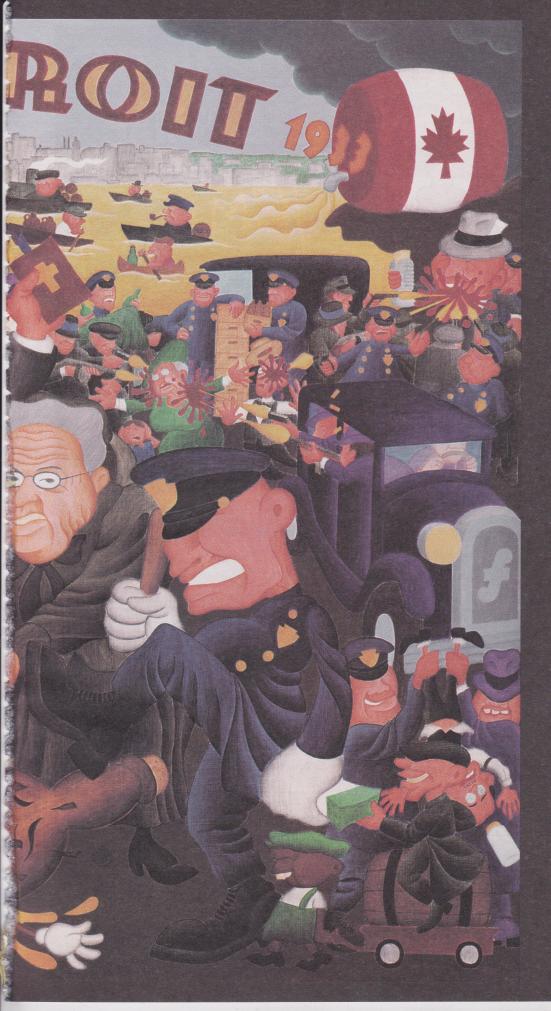












Great Moments Minute of the second s

Always a city ahead of the curve, Detroit ushers in the age of prohibition when Michigan bans alcohol in 1917, three years before the 18th Amendment enforces nationwide sobriety. Championed by hyperactive evangelist Billy Sunday, axewielding vandal Carrie Nation, and paranoid industrialist Henry Ford, while opposed by suspicious characters like German-born brewer Julius Stroh, the measure is intended as a remedy for all social ills: without evil drink crime will cease, lazy immigrants will become efficient auto workers, and fathers will spend evenings with their families instead of carousing in saloons with loose women. Almost immediately, the citizenry demonstrate that prohibition may not have the desired effect: crime overwhelms the corrupt police department; immigrants organize efficient criminal enterprises like the Purple Gang and the Licavoli Squad and begin shooting at rivals, nosy radio reporters like Jerry Buckley, and random bystanders; and fathers spend their evenings carousing in illegal drinking establishments with loose women while their families manufacture, transport, and sell bootleg liquor. With the Detroit River forming a laughably porous border with Canada, Detroit soon becomes the smuggling capital of the U.S., and 75% of the country's illegally imported booze passes through the city. The mayhem only ends when prohibition is repealed in 1933, and it will take several decades before Detroit is once again known for illegal substances and murder.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE TO THE TOP, YOU'RE GONNA NEED A MAP.

CAMECTORY 1999 DIRECTORY

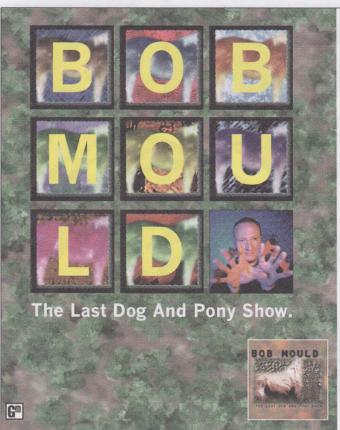
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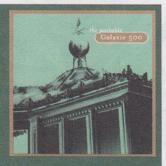


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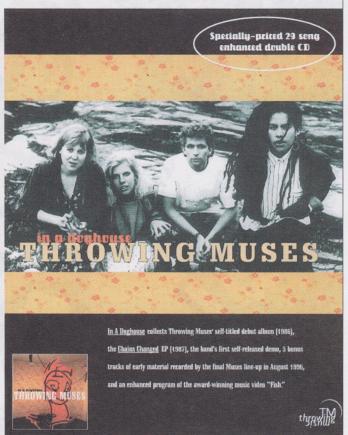
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"You know Courtney, you may live to be 100 and never have a wrinkle – but baby, what plastic surgeon is gonna go in there and fix all the scars in your heart?"

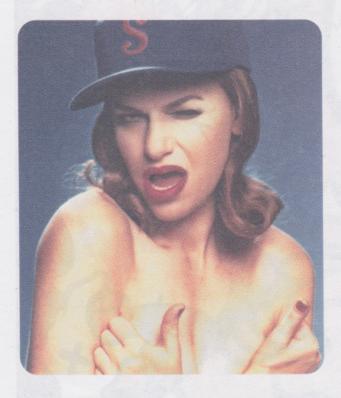
> - From I'M STILL HERE, DAMN IT! track #6, "Courtney Love"

STARRING SANDRA BERNHARD AS HERSELF

Sandra STILL

HERE

DAMN IT!



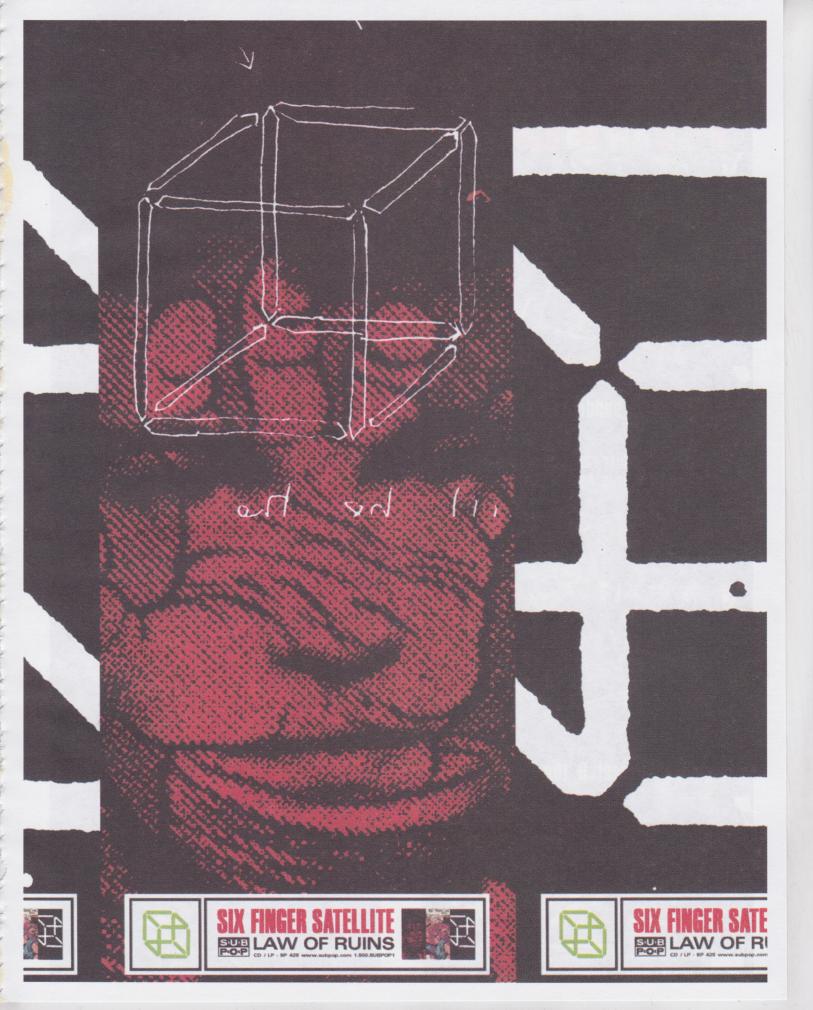
72 minutes of Sandra Singing & Slinging

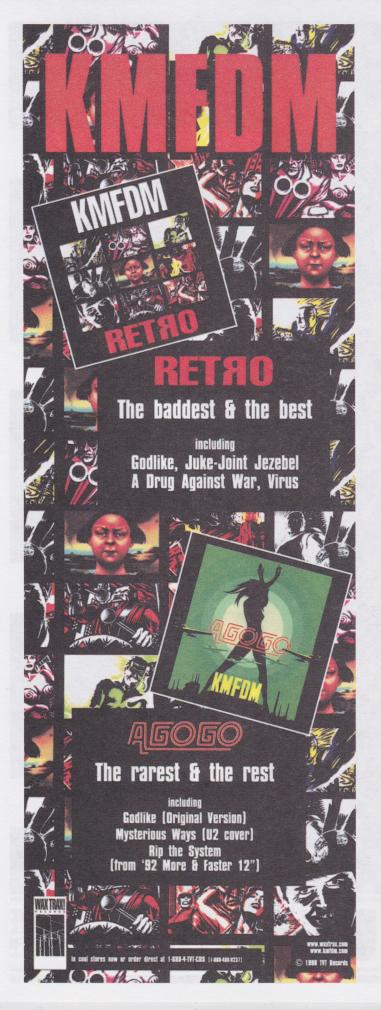


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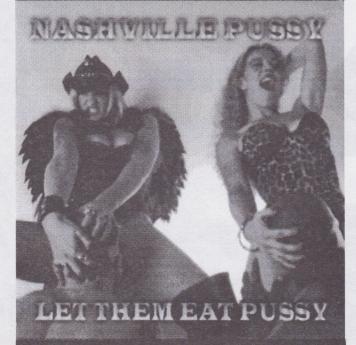
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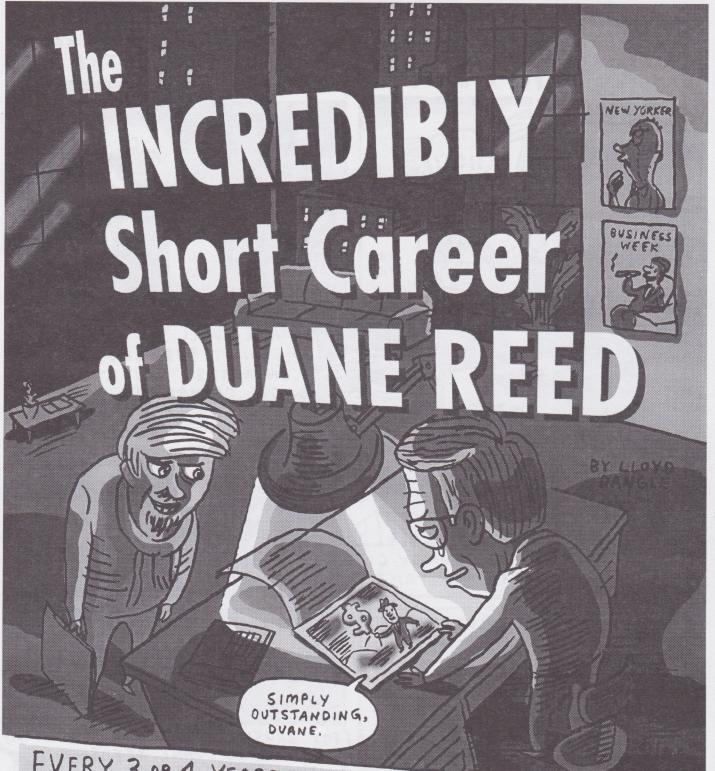


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DNE MONTH OUT OF PARSONS AND DUANE REED HAD ALREADY SOLD COVERS TO TIME MAGAZINE, READER'S DIGEST AND THE NEW YORKER!







HA!

HAI



WHEN AN ARTIST IS PULLING
DOWN 20 K A WEEK, WORD
SPREADS FAST, SOON DOZENS
OF "STYLE BUZZARDS" WERE
IMITATING DUANE'S LOOK.

MY BRUSHSTROKES ARE TECHNICALLY
SUPERIOR TO DUANE REEDS—AND
I'M 40% CHEAPER!

AS DUANE MILKED THE CORPORATE TEAT, STOCK HOUSES AND OTHER SCUMBAG LOWLIFES CUT THE BOTTOM OF THE MARKET OUT



WHEN BOOTLEG CD-ROMS TURNED UP AT COSTCO, DUANE TRIEDTO SUE, BUT THE COMPANY COULD ONLY BE TRACED TO A P.O. BOX IN



DUANE'S REPS LATER SVED HIM FOR THE LEGAL EXPENSES.



BALK... FELLAS, GIMME ONE REASON WHY I SHOULD PAY FOR DUANE REED. I'VE GOT THE CLIP ART! BESIDES, HIS STUFF IS LOOKING PRETTY



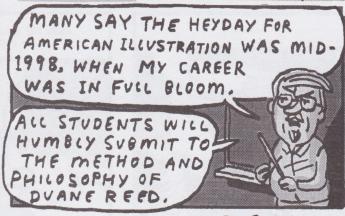
WITH WORK DRYING UP, HE BECAME A
FIXTURE AT ARTIST CONFERENCES
—AND IT WASN'T A PRETTY SIGHT.



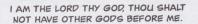
FINALLY, DUANE TOOK TO MAKING A MOROSE SPECTACLE OF HIM-SELF AT STUDENT PORTFOLIO



HAPPILY, THE STORY DOESN'T END THERE. DUANE IS NOW A FULL PROFESSOR AT RISDIE — AND HE'S NOT EVEN 35!

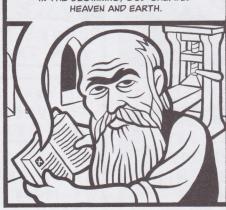


GreatMoments BY MERLINE, RICE & DANCEY

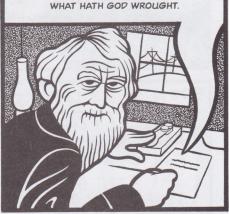




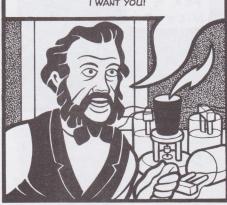
IN THE BEGINNING, GOD CREATED HEAVEN AND EARTH.



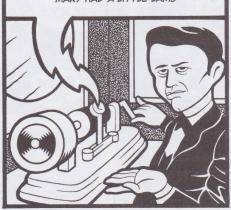
WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT.



MR. WATSON COME HERE, I WANT YOU!



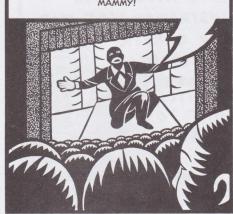
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MAMMY!

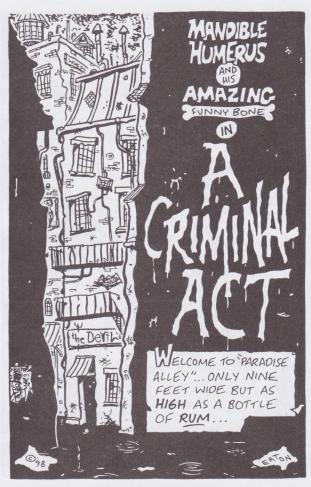


WHEN THE MOON COMES OVER THE MOUNTAINS



DID YOU SEE STAR TREK LAST NIGHT?





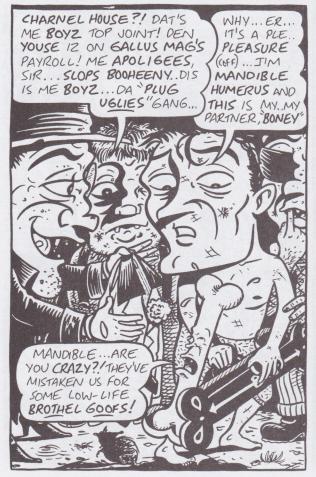




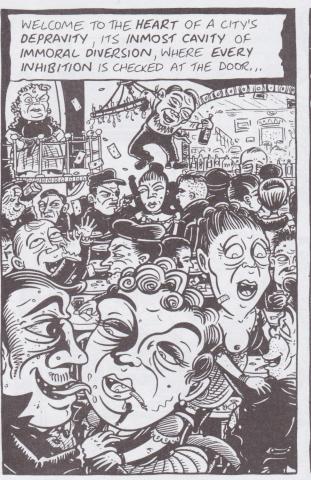


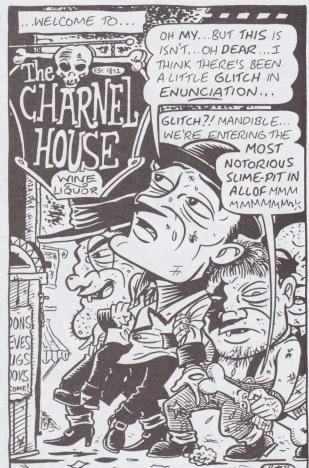


















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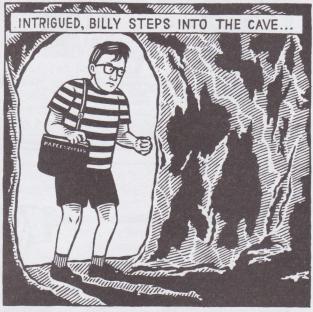


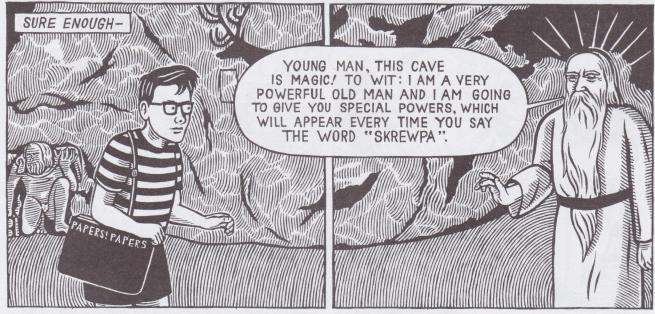


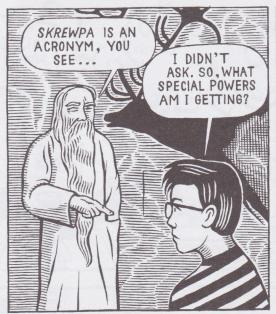


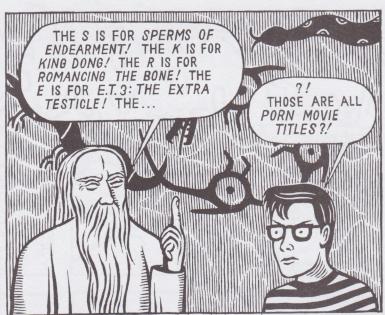




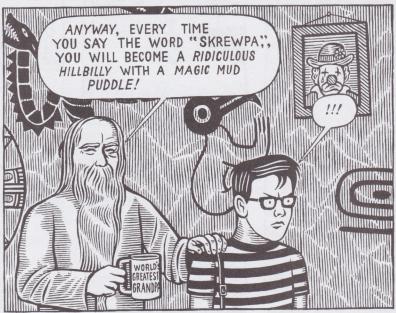




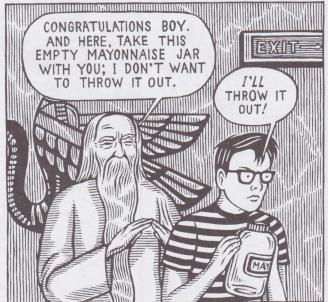




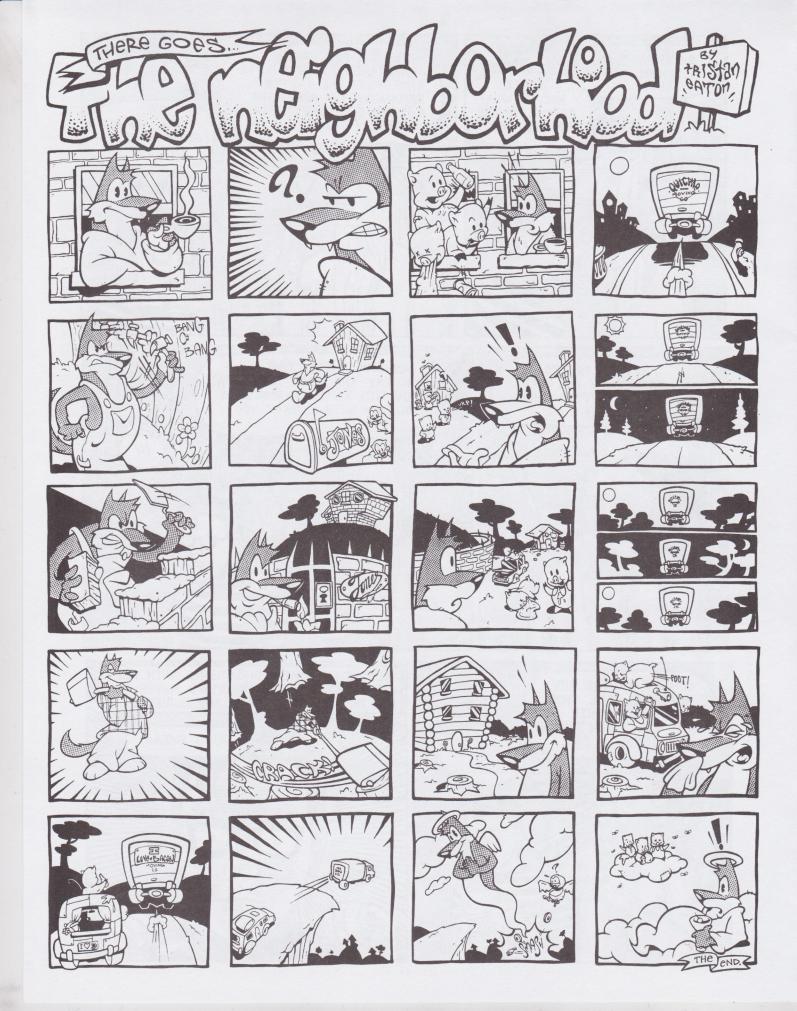




THE STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF T







Great 3/10/1 in American Popular Music by Jim Blanchard



Johnny Ace

These days going to the top of the pop charts only to die young and tragically seems old hat. Everyone remembers instant myths like Buddy, Ritchie, Jimi, Janis, and Kurt, yet they tend to forget a dude who had it all and blew his dome off way before it was par for the rock 'n' roll course.

Johnny Ace was a killer piano player and deftly used his vocal talents for both buttery-smooth "beggin'-forpussy" crooners and groovin' uptempo rockers. He only released ten singles in his brief solo career, but two of them, "My Song" and "The Clock" went to #1 in the R & B charts.

Six fondness for getting drunk and playing around with handguns caught up with him in 1954, when he put a .32 revolver to his skull and blasted its contents all over the dressing room of the Rouston City Auditorium. Although rumors of foul play abounded, "Big Mama" Thornton, who witnessed the event, claimed it was nothing more than a game of Russian Roulette, and that the gun wasn't the only one loaded. Ace was 25 and beautiful.

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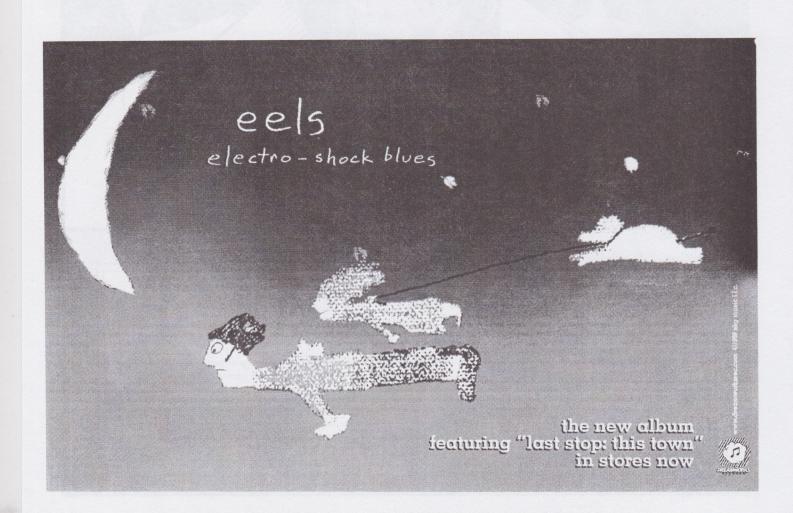


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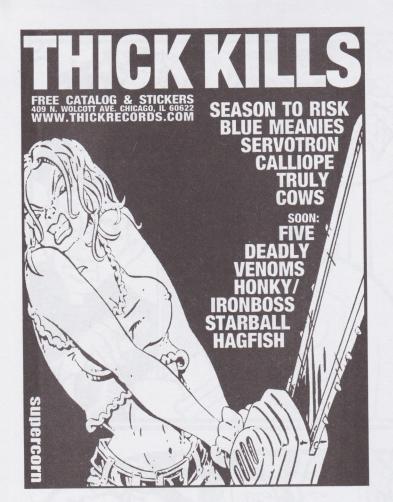
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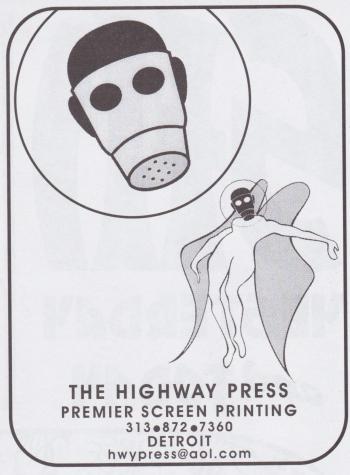


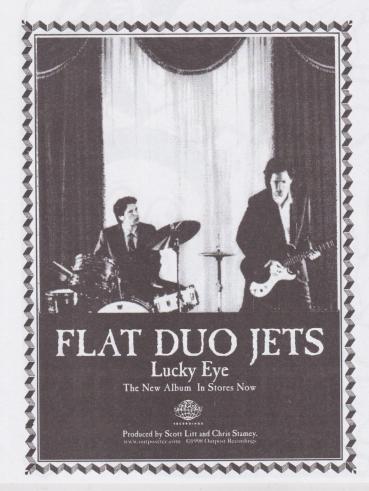
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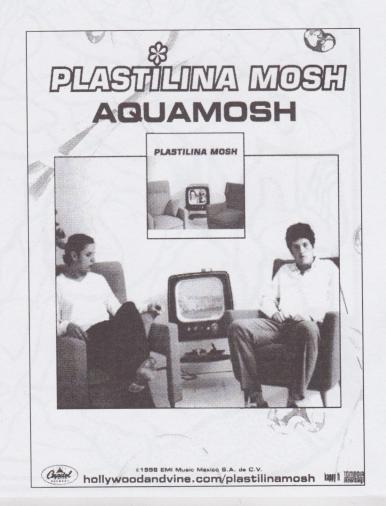








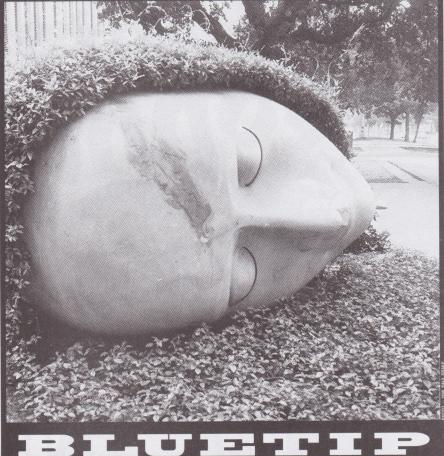




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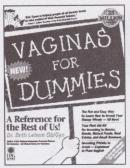
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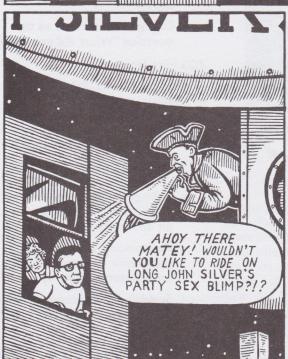
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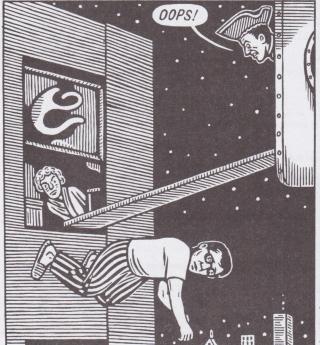
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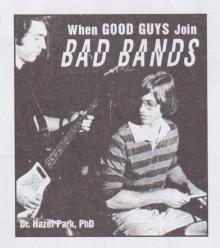


When Hill His

t's a tragedy that none of us want to think about, but sooner or later it happens to everybody: Someone you care for joins a bad band. While we all know that ill-advised musical projects are inevitable, we continue to think of them as something that only happens to other people. But what do you do when someone you love falls victim to what healthcare professionals call "Aynsley Dunbar syndrome" (ADS)? In her new book When Good Guys Join Bad Bands, renowned therapist and best-selling author Dr. Hazel Park (Men Are From Grand Rapids, Women Are From East Grand Rapids) identifies the five stages of grief (see facing page) that accompany such a tragic event and presents coping strategies for when the unthinkable becomes real.

Today the average American is 350 times more likely to know someone in a bad band than just ten years ago. Each year thousands of us are incapacitated with feelings of shame and humiliation brought on by our loved ones' foolish musical choices.

No matter what your background, the calamity of pointless musical ventures can strike at any time. Without warning, your friend or lover might turn against you; indeed, it's important to remember that Aynsley Dunbar syndrome is not solely confined to men. With women increasingly falling prey to the temptations of the concert stage, experts project that within another generation



most bad bands will be chiefly composed of females.

Dr. Park's book and accompanying series of taped lectures can help you take prompt action to protect your mental, physical, and social well-being. Her program will aid your recovery from the full range of painful issues created by loved ones afflicted with Aynsley Dunbar syndrome.

Awkward Moments

Dr. Park offers simple and effective tactics that you can use right now to help you cope with the difficult situations that those afflicted with ADS can cause. You'll learn:

 Believable excuses for missing a show

- Exiting etiquette if you're forced to attend a concert
- · Tips on keeping a straight face when someone plays you their
- · Diplomatic answers to the question "What did you think?"

ADS Hits Home

Dr. Park knows that those closest to us-family members, intimates, life partners—can hurt us the most. That's why her program is uniquely capable of helping you face the special challenges that arise when those you think you know best turn to bad music:

- · Salvaging relationships when your spouse or partner joins an abominable combo
- · Reconciling your sexual attraction to a member of an unlistenable group
- · Surviving the ultimate tragedy: when your children join bad bands

When someone close to you suffers from Aynsley Dunbar syndrome, it can be a disturbing and debilitating experience, but there's still hope for you. Let the knowledge and guidance Dr. Park offers in When Good Guys Join Bad Bands show you the way to a clean bill of emotional health. You owe it to yourself.



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Join BAB BANDS

When Good Guys Join Bad Bands 10

THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF: AN INTRODUCTION

1. Denial

This initial phase is marked by an adamant refusal to accept that any friend of yours would think so little of you as to join a bad band. The characteristic reaction is genuine disbelief, motivated by an instinctual need to protect yourself and your reputation. At this early point in the grieving process, your denial is so absolute that the validity of the friendship is not yet in question. (See Figure 1)

2. Anger

At this stage, a limited concession is made to a grave reality: You can admit that someone you care about is involved in an unlistenable musical endeavor. Inevitably this leads to feelings of indignation and outrage. Not only has a person you once trusted betrayed you by committing an egregious offense against good taste, but he or she has brought shame on your head by virtue of your association with them. Over time, the rage you feel about your friend begins to poison all of your interpersonal relationships. (See Figure 2)

3. Rationalization and Negotiation

This most pivotal period in the process represents a more complicated attempt to come to terms with your friend's membership in the band and reconcile that unfortunate fact with lingering feelings of loyalty and affection. Publically, you become an apologist, desperately searching for redeeming qualities in both your friend and their band. Privately, however, these rationalizations break down into abject pleading with higher powers. (See Figure 3)

4. Depression

Once you fully realize that your friend is never going to terminate their band membership and there's nothing you can do to save them, you begin to question your own worth and you slip into a deep depression. This stage is characterized by self-pity, lethargy, loss of appetite, alopecia, and substance abuse. You begin to withdraw from all human interaction, and you may even contemplate suicide. (See Figure 4)

5. Acceptance

The conflict is resolved when you finally accept that you can't keep a friend who insists on remaining in a bad band. You realize that if your former companion ever really valued your friendship, they never would have joined the group in the first place. By remaining their friend, you are allowing them to hurt you and countless others, and you cannot in good conscience be an enabler in their destructive behavior any longer. Only with the complete renunciation of your friendship can the healing process begin. (See Figure 5)

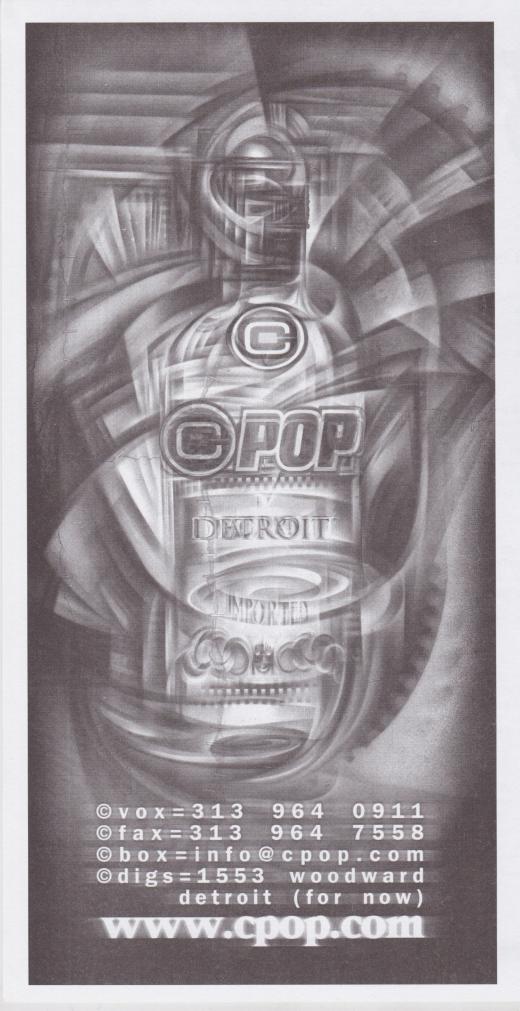














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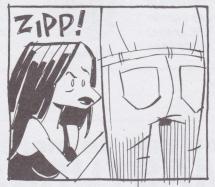












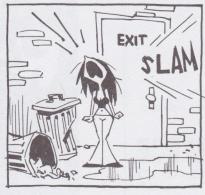






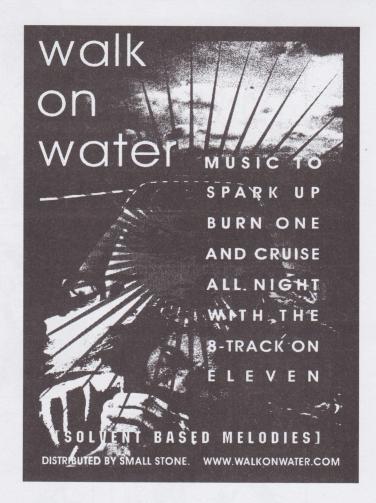












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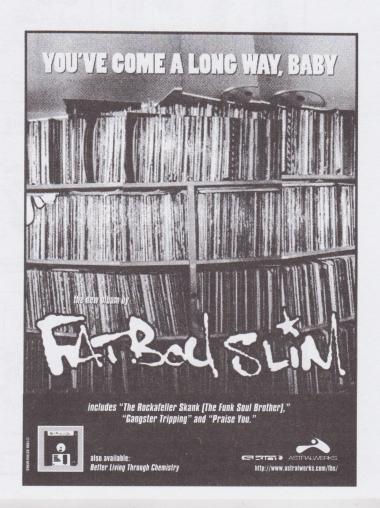
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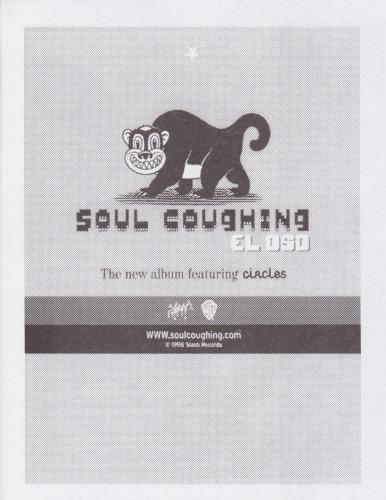
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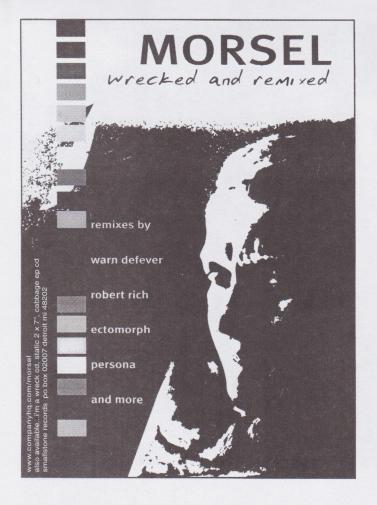
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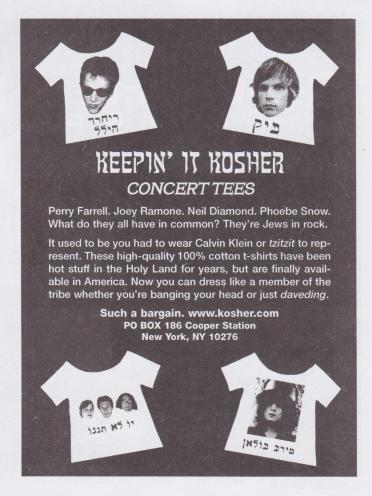
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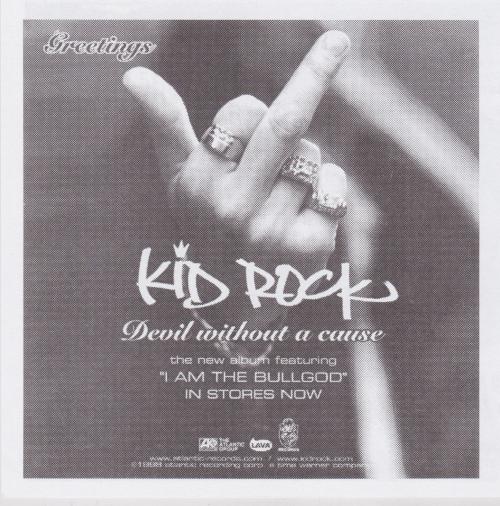
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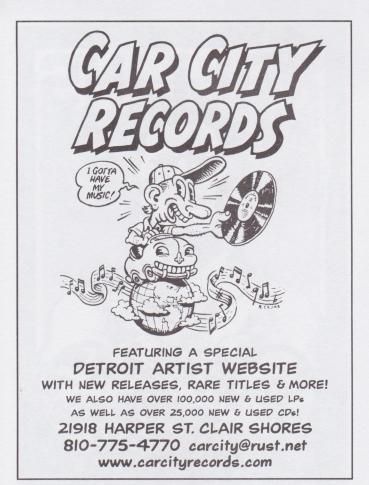
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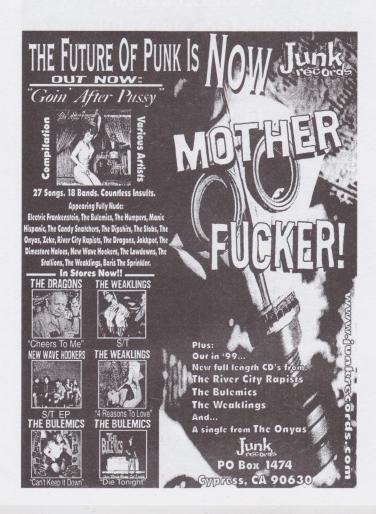
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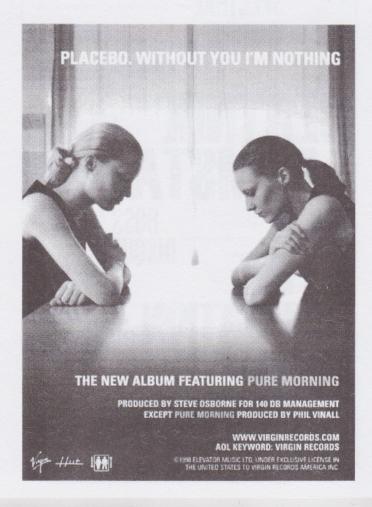
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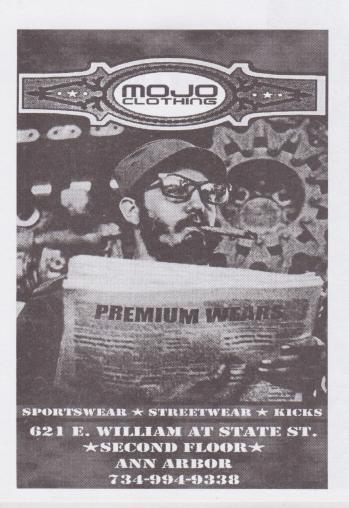
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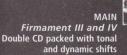




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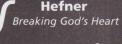
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